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[THE DREAD PHANTOM.]

most extraordinary thing has happened to me. I wrote a letter, which I wished despatched to Oxford. It was addressed to one of my intimate friends. I rang the bell for a servant, who, when he appeared, bore such a marvellous resemblance to my father that the shock deprived me of my senses. What am I to think?"

"You had probably written something which you would not have cared your late father to see," answered Dr. Copeland, "and remembering his last words to you, which were, to think of him whenever you were about to do anything wrong, your conscience made a coward of you, and you imagined this wonderful likeness."

"I have no conscience," said Robert, with a smile. "It is a luxury I have long ago discarded. Yet it must be as you say, for my father is really dead."

"If you doubt," returned the doctor, "come upstairs, enter the room where the body is lying, and perhaps, and your mind is in a fit state to receive satisfy yourself. It is daylight. Follow me!"

Robert did not hesitate. He could not think that he was being played with in such a terrible matter as that of life and death. What object could anyone have in so trifling with the most solemn feelings of the human heart? Yet he would satisfy himself, once for all."

The two men walked along the passage and up the stairs. The door of the room in which the actor had died was ajar. They pushed it open. The blinds were down and the curtains drawn, but a subdued, dim, religious light was cast over all by two candles burning on a side table. Half asleep half awake in a chair was the nurse, the watcher of the dead. She moved uneasily as they entered, but seeing who the intruders were, regarded them curiously without speaking.

Dr. Copeland drew back the sheet which covered the deceased, and motioned to Robert to approach. He did so. He even extended his hand and touched the cold, pale face, which was rigid.

"It is enough," he said, in a low voice, as he turned away. "I am satisfied that my nerves were overwrought. There can be no deception here."

My father is dead, and, unless I am haunted by his spirit, I was dreaming."

They quitted the apartment with a reverential air, and once more sought the dining-room. A servant had, during their absence, lighted a fire, arranged the furniture, and removed the plates and glasses which had stood upon the table. It was a footman who, as Robert entered, said:

"I despatched the letter you gave me, sir."

"What letter?" demanded Robert, abstractedly.

"That addressed to a gentleman at Oxford," answered the domestic, "it has been gone some hours."

"Thank you," said Robert, "you can go;" turning to the doctor, he added, "you were right, it was all fancy, but what a strange one. I must be careful of my nerves if they are going to play me those tricks. I shall not be able to trust the evidence of my senses. I hope the fast life I have been leading is not beginning to tell upon me, and that this is not incipient madness. Have you, in the course of your professional experience, known such a case?"

"I have met with such cases, but they are rare," answered Dr. Copeland.

There was a pause.

"Doctor," returned Robert, with sudden energy, "tell me, if you please, if you are a married man, and what your practice is worth a year to you?"

"With pleasure. My wife is dead. I have no tie to bind me to any one place, and my practice brings me in on an average five hundred a year."

"I will give you six hundred if you will give up your present position and attach yourself to me, be my physician, be my constant companion, travel with me wherever I go, and remember that you must take care of my health, which means my life, for though I shall be liberal to you while alive, I shall leave you nothing in my will."

"I accept your offer, gladly," answered the doctor, "in a week I will sell my business, and be entirely at your disposal. Your proposition pleases me, for I have never met with a character like yours, and should like to study it. My skill is acknowledged, and I will do my best to keep you in good health."

## YORKE SCARLETT;

OR,

THE MILLIONAIRE.

By the Author of "Evander," "Scarlet Berries," "Heart's Content," &c.

### CHAPTER IV.

Weak am I, weak and shameful; my breath drawn  
Shame me, and monstrous things and violent sights.  
What shall stone? What heat me? What bring back  
Strength to the foot, light to the nose? What herb  
Assuage me? What restore me? What release?

Atlanta in Caydon.

The birds were singing in the hedge-rows and the shrubberies, shaking the dew in silvery drops from the branches as they hopped from twig to twig. The moon had sunk below the horizon and day was breaking in the gray east, when Yorke Scarlett awoke from the lethargic trance into which he had fallen and gazed vacantly around him.

All was quiet.

Everyone in the house appeared to be asleep. The doctor was in a profound slumber in the armchair. Sitting up, Robert tried to recall his scattered thoughts. He shivered afresh when he recollects the terrible apparition which had so affected him that he lost his senses. If it was his father who had appeared to him, he could not be dead. All that he had seen was a solemn farce. The corpse; the tears of Flora Rainham; the silent grief of Dr. Copeland; the awful accessories of the chamber of death.

The letter he had written to Lord Elphinstone was gone. Of that he satisfied himself by a minute search. Was he the victim of an hallucination? This was possible, though he did not deem it probable, for his nerves were strong and he had never been subject to supernatural fancies.

He walked uneasily up and down the room, the noise he made in doing so waking up Dr. Copeland, who was much refreshed by the sleep he had enjoyed.

"Doctor!" exclaimed Robert Yorke Scarlett, "a

"I must warn you that your position will be no sinecure," rejoined Robert. "I drink, I eat without restraint, sit up late at night, and stop at no excess. These are faults, vices if you will, and kill in time, do they not—if indulged in without care and limit?"

"You must eat and drink moderately, and if you will sit up at night, you must lie in bed during the day. You have youth on your side and a good constitution, I must see that you do not lose one and ruin the other."

"Excellent," said Robert Yorke Scarlett, "on the word of a gentleman I have found a treasure in you, and you must never leave me, doctor. My spirits have risen since I made the bargain with you."

Dr. Copeland smiled, his eyes scintillated, the expression of his face was for the moment altered. One would have said this man had two characters, but the second was seldom observable under his habitual reserve.

The hours passed in conversation similar to that we have detailed until breakfast time arrived, and Flora came down, her eyes red and swollen, apparently with weeping; her manner was kind and encouraging to Robert, who felt that he should have little difficulty in obtaining her consent to whatever he proposed of an honourable nature. He saw that she loved him, and yet with an utter absence of generosity he revolved in his mind schemes for her betrayal.

Dr. Copeland went home to arrange for the transfer of his practice to another, but returned in time to be present at the funeral of the late Yorke Scarlett, which, in accordance with the wishes of the deceased, was of the plainest possible nature.

The actor was followed to the grave by his son, his niece Flora, and Dr. Copeland. There was no parade, no pageantry, no mockery of woe; he had so wished it, and his last requests were held sacred. Neither was there any notification of the event inserted in the public journals.

Acting upon Robert's advice, Flora obtained the services of an elderly lady in reduced circumstances, named Parker, who, in consideration of a certain salary, agreed to undertake the duties of house-keeper and companion at Newry Hall, where Flora decided to remain for the present.

Robert had said to her:

"It would be indicative of indecent haste and would shock you, if I were to tell you now all that is in my heart. We must wait until the blow we have received is effaced by time. Stay where your youth has been passed, where every scene is dear to you, and believe in the protection and the strength of my love and esteem."

"I will be guided entirely by you, Robert, in every good thing," answered Flora, putting her hand trustingly in his, and looking up lovingly in his face. "I am sure that I could not have a better adviser. But tell me what are your intentions?"

"I propose to quit the university," he said. "It is useless for me to stay to take a degree now that my father is dead and I have a fortune. I am lucky enough to have attached to my person an old friend of my father's, Dr. Copeland, whom you have seen; he will be always with me; we shall go to London and perhaps extend our travels to the Continent."

"You know best," she replied.

He made her promise to write to him often, and left her with the firm impression that he was in love with her to desperation and would marry her when the season of mourning for Mr. Scarlett's death was over.

Months rolled on, and if Robert Yorke Scarlett had been famous for his excesses at the University of Oxford he became doubly so in the great capitals of Europe.

In London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, and even Madrid his name was known, and not in the most favourable manner.

Dr. Copeland was his companion, and endeavoured to restrain him as far as he could, but even his good-natured and well-meant exertions were insufficient to prevent him from spending nearly ten thousand pounds in little more than six months.

It was September when he returned to England and repaired at once to Newry Hall, where Flora Rainham received him with open arms.

She had lived a quiet and happy, though retired and monotonous life with Mrs. Parker. Her one great pleasure was to look forward to Robert's return. She had written him many letters, receiving a few in reply; to any one better versed in the ways of the world his expressions of love would have seemed extravagant and far-fetched, not spontaneous, but laboriously made up for the occasion by a man who had no sentiment whatever in his composition. When he called her his darling she believed he was in earnest. When he addressed her as his only hope and love she trembled with joy, and when he vowed he could cheerfully kiss the ground her feet had pressed and would never cease to love her, she wept tears of delight.

Lord Elphinstone had met Robert on the Continent, for he had been expelled from his college for some glaring breach of the regulations—a fate which York Scarlett himself had narrowly escaped by withdrawing his name from the college books.

His lordship declared that he would assist his friend as he had promised in the matter of the mock marriage, for such a fraud upon an unsuspecting girl was only a joke to this promising scion of a noble house.

Robert would have been glad to invite Lord Elphinstone to stay at Newry Hall for a few weeks' shooting, but it was necessary that Miss Rainham should not be acquainted with his features if he was to perform the functions of a minister.

His visits were only two in number to the hall, and they had been of the briefest. Once he had accompanied Robert to see his father, another time was when Robert wrote to him soon after his father's death. Then Flora was in her chamber, and did not see him.

Retiring to some estates of his in an adjoining county, Lord Elphinstone invited what the "Court Newsman" calls a select circle of friends to stay with him, and informed Robert that he was very much at his service in purse or person whenever he should require him.

Robert thought that a sufficient time had elapsed for him to make proposals for Flora's hand.

As he never did anything without consulting Dr. Copeland, with whom he had not once had occasion to find fault, he made him his confidant on this occasion.

They were sitting in the dining-room after dinner, and a few bottles of some excellent old port, laid down by his father, who was a connoisseur in wine, had loosened Robert Yorke Scarlett's tongue to a considerable extent.

"I daresay, doctor," he exclaimed, "that you think me a most disreputable fellow, and if it were not for the salary I give you, and the advantage you derive from being attached to the person of a spendthrift like myself, you would go about your business, and leave me to drift into ruin, just as I liked?"

"I don't know that, I rather like you," answered Dr. Copeland. "You see, I know your father, and take an interest in you. Perhaps you will see your folly some day, and having sown your wild oats, become a respectable member of society."

"I have no inclination yet."

"Possibly not. Wait for the harvest, however. Those who sow must reap. But I do not intend to preach to you. Sermons at present would be thrown away upon you."

"Right!" cried Robert, lighting a fresh cigar.

"Youth is the proper season for enjoyment. I have youth, health, and money, and while I have them I will get as much enjoyment out of this life as I can. At the rate I am going on at present, my fortune will be exhausted in about three years. Then I shall be penniless and a beggar. Not a pleasant prospect, eh! doctor?"

"At your age that was my position," replied Dr. Copeland; "though I made my way in the world."

"You had a profession. I have none. Spending money is my vocation, and I mean to excel in it," said Robert, with a wild laugh. "And when all is gone—when houses, land, and money have vanished, why an ounce of lead and a little powder will do the rest. But to business, doctor. I want your advice respecting my cousin. I consider that she has robbed me of half my fortune, and get it back I must, by fair means or foul!"

Dr. Copeland remained silent.

## CHAPTER V.

As a wood-dove newly shot,

She sobbed, and lifted her breast;

She sighed and covered her eyes.

Filling her lips with sighs;

She sighed, she withdrew herself not,

She restrained not, taking not rest.

—Swinburne.

The doctor lapsed into a meditative mood which was one of his characteristics. He did not talk much, and by his taciturnity rather invited the confidence of his friends and his acquaintances.

Few men were made the depository of so many secrets as was Dr. Copeland.

"My idea," continued Robert, "is to deceive the girl by a false marriage. My friend Elphinstone will act the part of the minister, and the ceremony can be solemnised in the old chapel attached to the hall. You will be my best man, and when Flora thinks herself my wife, she will make her fortune over absolutely to me."

"That will be a fraud," said the doctor.

"Of course it will," but I intend to manage it in such a way that the law cannot take cognizance of it," said Robert. "It will be a free gift on her part. She will be giving me back what I ought never to have been deprived of. If there is anything wrong about the matter it is my father's fault, who should have given me the whole of my patrimony. Why should this girl step in and rob me?"

"Your morality is defective," said the doctor, "but your scheme is good. Why not, however, marry the girl legally?"

"Because a wife is a clog upon one's actions, and I like liberty," rejoined Robert Yorke Scarlett. "I could not do as I liked if once married, without incurring unpleasant scenes. I must follow the bent of my inclination, and my wife would say that I treated her badly. She would cry, perhaps rave and abuse me. It would be intolerable; I could not put up with it."

"In that case I suppose you must do as you like. It is useless for me to remonstrate with you, though I should say that if you are disposed to lead a virtuous life—"

"Which I am not."

"She would be the very girl you ought to select to aid you in your endeavours," continued the doctor, disregarding the interruption.

"You waste your time in advocating such a course of conduct. I want her fortune. When I have that her fate is of little consequence to me," replied Robert.

Dr. Copeland did not attempt to argue the point with one who was so determined to pursue an evil course. He consented to aid him in his nefarious conduct to the best of his ability, and then the master ended.

With Flora Rainham his suit progressed most favourably. She really loved Robert Yorke Scarlett and did not for a moment expect any treachery on his part. To her he was all that was good and noble. She would as soon have expected the sky to fall as that he could contemplate any deceit in his behaviour to her.

He urged that his father had been dead nearly eight months, and that there was no valid and substantial reason why they should not be united without any further delay.

A friend of his, in holy orders, whom he had known at Oxford, would celebrate the ceremony, which he wished to take place in the chapel attached to the hall. He knew her dislike to anything like show or parade, and therefore they would be married as privately as possible.

Flora made no objection.

She placed everything in Robert's hands, who had the entire management of the details of the marriage.

"What are the pomps and vanities to me, Robert dear?" she said; "all I want is your love. The expenditure of hundreds of pounds, and the assembling of all the magnates in the county would not make you dearer to me."

After this compliance on her part, Robert went over to Lord Elphinstone and explained how matters stood, and claimed the fulfilment of his long-standing promise.

"I am afraid that it is a disreputable transaction," said Lord Elphinstone, "but as I have agreed to help you, I will not run from my word. You must be careful not to let my real name come publicly forward, because in these days people are so particular. Scandals get into the newspapers, and for the commission of a harmless freak, one is pointed at and held up to execration. When I was rusticated for burning the college pump with some trusses of straw, the story was put in a local paper and copied from one to another until my name was in everybody's mouth, and I received dozens of anonymous letters, some warning, some threatening me."

"The secret will be safe with me. I shall introduce you as the Reverend Mr. Parsons, an old college friend," replied Robert, "and as soon as the ceremony is over, you can go away. May I expect you this day week, early in the morning?"

"Without fail," answered the young nobleman.

He knew that he was about to take part in a villainous act, but his great wealth and his high position made him insolent and reckless. He was pre-eminently vain and selfish, and cared little for anybody's pleasure or welfare except his own. He hated all those inferior to him, and thought he could ride rough-shod over everybody. Might with him was right, and it is sad to add that his riches and his rank enabled him to do without punishment many things which a conscientious man would shudder to contemplate.

Robert Yorke Scarlett ordered his horse to be brought round, and mounting, took his leave. It was a cold afternoon, and the night promised to be dark and cheerless. He had about five-and-twenty miles to ride. His horse being well bred and up to his weight, he did not consider this distance by any means formidable.

There was a branch line of railway by which he might have gone, but the route was circuitous, and involved changing at a junction, so that he very much preferred riding, which was an exercise of which he was fond.

When he had gone about half way, the shades of night fell. The road was very dark, and though he could hear the sound of his groom's horse behind him, he was unable to see him; indeed, he could see but a few yards before his face.

He took a cigar from his case, thinking he should like to smoke, and to his disappointment found that he had no fuses. He was about to call to his servant to ask him if he could supply his want, when he heard a horseman approaching. He could see from the bright spark-like light which glowed like a burning coal just in front of him, that he was smoking. They both drew rein as they neared one another, for the road was narrow, and to pass in the dark, when going at a rapid pace, was a difficult if not a dangerous experiment.

"I shall esteem it a favour if you will oblige me with a light," said Robert.

The traveller made no reply, but stopped his horse, which Robert took to be tacit consent. He went close to him, and as the stranger kept his cigar between his lips, inclining slightly forward, he also bent his body, with the cigar in his mouth, and applied the end to the lighted one which still glowed in front of him.

As we have said the night was dark, but at the contact of the cigars a red flash sprang up, which illuminated the countenances of the two men.

The effect on Robert was marked and immediate.

His face became ashy pale, the cigar fell from his livid lips. He dropped the bridle, uttered a shrill cry, and murmuring the words: "Again—again! It is my father!" he fell from his horse, and lay in the road, bruised and shaken, the prey of a nervous terror which rendered him incapable of moving.

Setting spurs to his steed, the stranger galloped on without taking any notice of Robert, or seeming to be at all surprised at what had happened.

When the groom came up, he found his master sitting in the road, pale and trembling. Asking the cause of his condition, Robert told him that he had met with an accident, and fallen from his horse, though he was not much hurt. The man helped him to mount again, but it was with difficulty that he kept his seat and performed the remainder of the journey.

"It is odd," he said to himself, when he had recovered his courage, chiefly by drinking brandy copiously at a wayside inn, at which he had stopped in passing, "It is odd that the dread phantom should appear to me just before the commission of some deed of which I know my father would not approve. He loved Flora as if she had been his own daughter. The way in which I propose to treat her would have horrified him beyond measure. I cannot believe the evidence of my senses. It must be fancy on my part. In his last letter, and in his will, my father told me to think of him when I was about to do anything wrong. I have dwelt upon that. It is my fancy. Nothing else. I am the victim of a delusion, and must consult Dr. Copeland. Perhaps he will have some remedy for an hallucination which, to say the least of it, is very unpleasant, and will become unbearable if it is not checked; and yet, I could have sworn it was my father—his eyes, his features."

He broke off abruptly, and lapsed once more into a sullen sort of melancholy, from which he did not emerge until Newry Hall was reached; and he was received at the door by Flora, and the doctor, who cordially welcomed him home again.

Miss Rainham remarked that her future husband seemed tired and ill at ease, which she attributed to the effect of his journey—he having been some hours in the saddle. Kissing her, he expressed a wish to rest a while by the fire in the smoking room, whither Dr. Copeland accompanied him.

When they were alone, the doctor, who perceived that something was wrong, said:

"What has happened? Has Elphinstone refused to do what you asked him?"

"Not at all. He will be here early this day week, dressed as a clergyman and prepared to go through the marriage ceremony. So see to it that the chapel is ready, for Lucifer himself shall not turn me from my purpose. I have sworn to have the girl and her fortune, though it is the latter I want; the former being merely a means to an end, that end, in my opinion, being perfectly justifiable. My father robbed me of half my patrimony by leaving it to her, and I am adopting the best and most congenial means of getting back my own."

"Sophistical reasoning! We will not argue the point, however, for you are impatient of contradiction, and as you are the best judge of your own notions, and capable of knowing good from evil, it would be superfluous and impertinent for me to say anything."

"Quite a little sermon!" said Robert, in a sneering tone, "you are a man of pills and potions, and know nothing of the Church. I should advise you, doctor, to keep to your own business."

"Tell me what has caused your nervous system to be deranged?" exclaimed the doctor, a little impatiently. "Have you seen—?"

"Yes," interrupted Robert, eagerly, "that is it, my dear doctor. You have guessed it exactly. I have seen my father a second time."

"How?" asked the doctor, eying him curiously,

Robert stated circumstantially what had befallen him. He described the flash of light, the recognition, the sudden effect upon him, and his after prostration, which copious draughts of brandy had not been able to dissipate.

"Now, doctor," he added, "is there anything in the *Pharmacopœia*—is there any prescription to be had from the collective or individual wisdom of the Royal College of Surgeons which will give a healthier tone to my mind, or am I to go through life a haunted man? Of course I knew that my father cannot appear to me in the flesh; still, I saw him. Twice have I met him face to face, and each time the startling reality of the resemblance has completely overcome me. You will tell me it is an hallucination. Very well. I request you to cure this hallucination."

"Gladly would I do so were it in my power," answered the doctor. "All I can recommend is moderate indulgence in drinking and smoking, early hours, strengthening medicines, and change of air and scene."

"When I was abroad I was free from this fancy," exclaimed Robert York Scarlett; "after my marriage I will quit this part of the country; never to return. It is awfully wild and gloomy, no one but a misanthrope like my father would have bought such an estate. It positively encourages and fosters a belief in the supernatural. I am not half the man here that I am when I am away from it. The place shall be sold. As for leading a quiet life, that is out of the question. I intend to enjoy life in my own way, and require no assistance from anybody."

Dr. Copeland was firmly of opinion that his young friend's nervous system was out of order, and owned that the disease, if such it was, would be likely to grow upon him. He advised him to resolutely shake off any tendency to encourage delusion.

The week passed quickly.

Flora made all the preparations for the marriage with the assistance of Mrs. Parker, her staid companion, to whom she confided her belief that she would be very happy with her husband.

Mrs. Parker shook her head dubiously.

"You seem to doubt, my dear friend," said Flora, anxiously.

"Mr. York Scarlett did not bear a very good character at the university," replied Mrs. Parker, "if all I hear be true, nor has he done anything since he quitted college to redeem his reputation. If I were to advise you, I should say you would do well to wait and see if he is worthy of you."

"Oh, yes," answered Flora, with sublime confidence, "I am sure that he is worthy of one much better and more handsome than I am. Young men are often wild and foolish before marriage, afterwards they settle down."

Mrs. Parker shook her head again.

"Love will always invent excuses," she said, "and I can see that my time is wasted in making objections. It is a thankless task, and I may be wrong after all; however, I will say this, if you were my daughter, you should not marry that man."

This conversation took place in a little room at Newry Hall, which Flora had caused to be fitted up as a boudoir.

As Mrs. Parker speaking, there was a knock at the door; the old lady answered the summons.

"It is Mr. Scarlett," she said, "who wishes to know if he can come in, as he wishes to speak to you."

"Certainly," answered Flora, "leave us together, if you please."

Mrs. Parker bowed and retired, at the same moment Robert entered and sat in a chair opposite Flora, who smiled lovingly upon him, as if mutely thanking him for his visit.

#### CHAPTER VI.

All at once the colour flushed  
Her sweet face from brow to chin;  
As it were with shame she blushes,  
And her spirit changed within.  
Then her countenance all over  
Pale again as death did prove;  
But he clasp'd her like a lover,  
And he cheered her soul with love.

—Tennyson.

The boudoir was replete with evidences of the taste and industry of its owner. Water-colour sketches, showing considerable talent, hung upon the walls; flowers from a conservatory were arranged in various places; work, such as ladies delight in, reposed upon sofas, or hung on the backs of chairs, and a careful selection of books invited perusal.

Robert had not extinguished his cigar; he knew that he was privileged and continued to smoke with a certain amount of selfish complacency, because he knew that his betrothed did not like the fumes of tobacco, but in him this was not remarkable, for he never sacrificed any of his enjoyments for the sake of other people. He was a melancholy and

striking example of a man who lived entirely for himself, and cared nothing for the tastes or feelings of others.

"It is kind of you to come to see me so soon after your return, Robert," said Flora. "Tell me if you have seen the friend you spoke of, and if you have made all the necessary arrangements for our union."

She cast her eyes down in sweet confusion as she spoke. Still she knew that he was looking at her with his full, searching eyes.

"Yes, my dear," he replied, "all is arranged, and the marriage will take place this day week. I have a fancy, however, for having it celebrated at night. You know my romantic nature, and I should like to be married in the chapel attached to the hall at midnight. My friend will get all the permission that is requisite from the bishop of the diocese, so all will be formal and legal."

"I never heard of such a thing before," answered Flora. "Far be it from me, however, if it is your wish, to make any opposition. You have paid me the highest compliment a man can pay a woman by asking me to be your wife. The nature of the ceremony, as appointed by the rubric, cannot, of course, be changed, but the time is of no importance. Arrange that as you like."

"Thank you, dear. I felt sure you would yield to me in this particular. Consider it settled," he exclaimed.

"As I will ever yield to you in everything," she answered. "But oh, Robert, I could wish you were warmer in your manner, you are so cold. A dozen pet names and endearing epithets rise to my lips when in your company. You call me 'dear,' not 'dearest,' and there is something chilling and repelling in your manner. Can it be that you have deceived yourself and me too, and that you do not love me?"

"Nonsense," he rejoined, with some irritation. "You ought by this time to know that I do not love you less because I am not extravagant in my professions."

"I hope not, I am sure," she said, with a sigh, "though sometimes my heart misgives me. I am placing my whole happiness in the future in your hands. My heart is yours already; my fortune shall be, for I think no good and loving wife should have a separate purse from her husband."

So pleased was he with this declaration that he threw his cigar into the fire, and getting up caught her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"You are a good little thing, Florry," he exclaimed. "I wish I were more demonstrative for your sake, and could make more show of what I feel."

"It is your love that I want, Robert," she rejoined, looking up in his face with streaming eyes, as he held her in his strong arms. "Whenever you take notice of me, my heart leaps with a wild joy. I want you to pet and make much of me. It is your love I live upon. Oh, if you only knew how dear you are to me!"

"I will try," said Robert, with a hypocritical pretence of affection.

She was perfectly satisfied with his promise, in which she fully believed, and it did not enter into her imagination for a moment that he would deceive her.

During the week he saw little of her, for he spent his time in shooting and fishing, in the society of the doctor. The fact was that Flora's demonstrations of affection worried him. He had not his father's talent for playing the part, and when he pretended that she was dear to him he was acting, and nothing more.

It was quite a relief to him when the eventful day arrived, and with it Lord Elphinstone, who was dressed in black, wearing a waistcoat that buttoned up to his chin, just showing a little piece of white tie. He wore a moustache, an extremely clerical appendage, which he could not bring himself to sacrifice, and explained the unusual circumstance by saying that he was extremely subject to tooth and face ache, and that his physician had advised him not to cut it off. He was somewhat surprised when he heard that the marriage was to take place at midnight, but Robert said to him:

"I want it to be as private as possible, and if it were done in the daytime the cottagers and tenants would come with flowers and triumphal arches. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," rejoined Lord Elphinstone.

Dr. Copeland and Mr. Parker prepared the chapel for the ceremony. This house of prayer was no larger than an ordinary-sized room. The windows were filled with valuable stained glass, and the walls were adorned with carved-oak wainscoting and frescoes, representing scenes in the lives of the apostles. The seats were handsome chairs, elegantly arranged, and moveable; over the altar was a magnificent painting by Guido, representing our Saviour's descent from the Cross. The flooring was of encaustic tiles, and the pulpit a miracle of the wood-carver's art.

Candles were placed in available positions, which threw the salient points into bold relief, especially the organ, which was blue and gold externally, and of great value and beauty.

Lord Elphinstone took his position inside the altar rails, book in hand, and wearing a white surplice with an Oxford hood. He was pale, though like the other participants in this infamous transaction, he had been drinking heavily. Robert Yorke Scarlett and Flora stood before him; Mr. Parker and Dr. Copeland were immediately behind. There were no others beside these present in the chapel.

As Lord Elphinstone, acting the part of a mock priest, celebrating a mock marriage with a degree of precision which would have been enviable to a disciple of the mimic art, began to read, a loud knocking was heard at the front door.

Robert Yorke Scarlett turned pale, and stifled a curse which rose to his lips. The knocking continued with increased vigour, if not power, and it was impossible for the ceremony to proceed.

"The house will be roused!" exclaimed Robert. "I must see to it. May I request that you will all keep your places, while I go and see who the insolent intruder is who dares to knock at my door in this manner, and at this hour of the night."

All consented. Flora gave him an imploring look, as if she feared that some ill might happen if he left her; but he went with a lowering brow and an angry stride, which boded ill for the person who knocked.

Meantime the assault upon the door was louder and more frequent.

"Who is there?" queried Robert, in a gruff voice, with his hand on the lock.

"Travellers, hungry and thirsty travellers," was the reply. "Make haste and open your door, if you do not want it battered down. We are not accustomed to be kept waiting at an inn, like this."

"Oh!" thought Robert, "it is some people who have mistaken their way, and fancy this is an inn. I will undeceive them. The fiend take them for disturbing me at such a time!"

"You have come wrong, gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "This is a private house, and no inn. Retrace your steps, and you will find all that you are in search of in the village at the foot of the hill."

"That will not do. We demand entrance," said the voice that had first spoken. "This is an inn—of that we are sure. Open, open! or we will break the door down!"

In a terrible hurry to join his friends in the chapel, and yet burning with rage, Robert knew not what to do. If he went away, the strange people outside would hammer away louder than ever. Perhaps his best course would be to open the door, and when they saw it was really a private house, the abode of a gentleman, they would apologise and go away.

So with a jerk he flung the door open.

The lamps in the hall cast a lurid glare out into the dark night, by which means he saw an old-fashioned close carriage, apparently containing some travellers. Two men were standing on the step; and one wearing a slouched felt hat, and a long cloak which completely enveloped him, endeavoured to enter.

Robert interposed his body.

"You cannot pass," he said; "for I assure you this is not a place for refreshment. It is my house. I sell nothing, and give less to those with whom I am unacquainted."

The stranger inclined his body a little forward, made a dart and a spring, which enabled him to seize Robert by the throat, then he dragged him into the hall, and held him under a lamp, the rays of which illuminated both their faces.

Robert's eyes started from his head, his pallor increased, his limbs shook, and murmuring in a strangled voice, "My father again!—the dread phantom!" sank insensible upon the matting which covered the floor of the hall.

When he came to himself he was lying in his own bed, and the gray dawn of morning was streaming in through the chinks of the shutters, making the light of the candle burning on the table pale and real.

By his side was sitting Dr. Copeland.

"What has happened? for heaven's sake, doctor, tell me at once!" cried Robert, starting up in an agony of fear and apprehension.

"Calm yourself. This malady of yours is becoming serious," answered Dr. Copeland.

"What malady?—be explicit," continued Robert, intensely anxious.

"Listen," replied the doctor: "I had followed you from the chapel, fearing from your prolonged absence that something was wrong. I heard you exclaim, 'My father again!—the dread phantom'; you ceased struggling with strange man who had you in his powerful grasp, and you fell insensible on the floor."

"Your servant, sir," said the stranger. "Is this

a madhouse; and have I been defending myself against a lunatic?"

"Not at all; you are in a gentleman's mansion, and the owner lies at your feet," I replied.

"In that case I must beg ten thousand pardons," the stranger said. "We were directed to an inn—my party outside in the carriage, and myself. We mistook our way. I apologise for myself and on behalf of my friends."

"I then bussed myself in getting you to bed. When I returned, I found that Lord Elphinstone, not liking the aspect of affairs, had mounted his horse and gone away."

"But Flora—where is Flora?" cried Robert, eagerly.

"She too had disappeared with Mrs. Parker. The stranger's party had taken their departure, and I can only conclude that Flora and her companion had gone with them. They are not in the house, and they have left no sign or token behind them to explain their extraordinary flight."

Robert Yorke Scarlett uttered a groan, and sinking back on the pillow, relapsed into his former state of stupor and insensibility.

(To be continued.)

## SCIENCE.

A DRUIDICAL STONE.—A curious stone, believed to be Druidical, has just been discovered in a field near Dingle. It is 8 feet long, 4 feet broad, and about 2 feet thick. There is a hole in the middle of it, 14 inches square and the same number of inches deep, neatly cut with a chisel, with the lower end of it coming to a point, or tapering from top to bottom.

ETCHING ON GLASS.—To etch on glass with fluor spar, cover the glass with beeswax by melting the wax and running it over the glass, about 1-16th of an inch thick, then write on it with a needle, after which sprinkle some fluor spar upon the writing, and pour sulphuric acid on it, let it stand for ten or twelve hours, then wash off the superfluous acid, and take off the wax and wash the glass clean and it will be seen that the fluor spar has eaten away the glass on those parts not protected by the wax.

TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.—Some interesting experiments have been made in London, with a view of testing the speed and efficiency of the service established by the Indo-European Telegraph Company. Direct communication was opened with Teheran, in Persia, a distance of 3,700 miles, and answers to questions were received within an incredibly short time.

PATENT DRYERS.—The mixture is considered a secret, but the following may be the material chiefly employed.—Proto-sulphate of iron (green copperas) is put in a clean iron pan upon a clear low fire, when melting, stir about and evaporate to dryness only. This substance, ground in oil, acts as a dryer. Sugar of lead, ground in oil, is the best dryer for delicate tints. Litharge is the most active dryer of all, but can only be used for dark colours, as it discolours light and blue tints. All oxides are dryers, as a general rule.

## HIGH-PRESSURE ENGINES.

Two generations have all but passed away since Jacob Perkins preached the gospel of high-pressure steam—high-pressure above and beyond any high-pressure with which modern engineers have to do. We think it something to boast of that the engines of the North London Railway use steam or 160 lb. pressure; but Jacob Perkins proposed to use steam of 1,000 lb., and actually did use it under certain circumstances. The great body of mechanical engineers labour under the impression that Jacob Perkins' ideas died with him. No notion could be more erroneous. His ideas live with his grandson, and we have recently seen them in practical application on board the steam-tug *Filga*, the property of Mr. Henwood. On board this boat, we confess that we stood for the first time over a marine boiler carrying 200 lb. of steam. Time and space alike forbid us to enter into details. It must suffice to say that the boiler consists of a great number of wrought iron tubes, about 3 in. diameter outside, and varying in length from 12 ft. to 10 ft., within which the water is contained, and round which the heat plays.

The engines were designed by Messrs. Perkins, and constructed by Messrs. Hodge, and consist of four cylinders, arranged steam-hammer fashion. The two upper cylinders are high-pressure, 15 in. in diameter. The low-pressure cylinders are immediately beneath them. They are 32 in. diameter, the stroke of both being only 1 ft. The valves are all of the double-beat Cornish type, raised from their seats by spindles driven by eccentrics, but dropped by the pressure of the steam acting on the plus area of one valve. The surface condensers are of a peculiar construction, of which we shall have

more to say. The circulating water is driven through it by a pump worked by an eccentric on the screw shaft.

The *Filga* is of the ordinary Thames screw-tug type, and it is doubtful if engines of any other form of 80-horse power nominal could have been got into her. She is 70 ft. long, 14 ft. beam, and draws 10 ft. She has a three-bladed common propeller 9 ft. 6 in. diameter, and 12 ft. 8 in. pitch. The boiler has not less than 2,200 square feet of heating surface, the grate surface being but 30 ft. The estimated consumption is a little under 2 lb. of coal per horse per hour, but the actual consumption appears to be much less.

The *Filga* left Blackwall on Wednesday, the 6th ult., for a run down the river. The trip was in no sense a trial trip; it was simply intended to prove to a select body of engineers that it was possible to work 180 lb. steam at sea, and, so far, it was completely successful. Steam was easily maintained throughout the trip at 150 lb. to 190 lb. No trace of steam was to be seen about engine or boiler, because the joints are absolutely steam-tight. The tide was strong against the little vessel on her run down, yet, on the measured mile in the Lower Hope, she attained a speed of 8-33 knots, with nearly one and a-half knots of tide against her. This was not a trial run, and no special precautions were taken to secure a good result; but there is no doubt that the result is very good indeed considering the size of the boat. The general particulars of the run may be thus summed up:—The *Filga* left Blackwall at 12-30, passed North Woolwich Railway Pier at 12-55, and Erith at 1-47 p.m. Gravesend was reached at 2-45, Thames Haven at 3-31, and the run back was made at such a pace that Blackwall was reached at 6-40. Throughout the working of the engines was most satisfactory.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT NEWCASTLE.—The workers engaged in the excavations near the Black Gate, Newcastle, have discovered a curious subterranean passage, at a depth of about 12 ft. from the surface. The passage extends underneath the ancient gateway, and is, like the basement of that ancient building, in an excellent state of preservation.

THE ROTUNDITY OF THE EARTH.—A stupid attempt has been made for some years past to induce the belief that the earth is a flat surface, and a Mr. Hampden, who seems to have been persuaded that it is so, has rashly risked 500*l.* on the issue of an experiment on the Bedford Level in order to test the truth of the assertion. His offer was taken up by Mr. A. R. Wallace, and arrangements satisfactory to Mr. Hampden having been made, the experiment was tried by means of three discs, rising 12 ft. above the level of the surface of a piece of water large enough to show the curvature, if there were any. The referee has just decided against Mr. Hampden, the central disc, as every one with a grain of sense supposed it would, rising considerably above the line formed by the two outer discs, as seen from one end through a selected and approved telescope. The curvature to and fro in six miles to the extent of about 5 ft. was probed. As was also to be suspected, an attempt has been made to shuffle out of the bet, now that it has been decided.

ROME.—A correspondent writes:—"The British Archeological Society of Rome continues its work steadily, and visitors to Rome now hear a great deal more about the antiquities than they ever did before. The society has stirred up others to emulate with them, and has given great activity to the study of the antiquities of Rome. The weekly lectures are always well attended, and give a good deal of useful and interesting information, not easily obtained elsewhere. Mr. Shakespeare Wood, the secretary, is indefatigable in giving lectures on the spot, sometimes three times over. But there are always two sides of every question, and I hear that the society consists almost entirely of the strangers who flock to Rome, and that the older residents in Rome generally hold aloof from it; that even the members of the committee, who are the managing body, are sometimes strangers, who hardly know the names of the places they go to. I hear little of Mr. Parker's excavations this season, and I am told that this arises from his finding difficulties put in his way by the Government authorities at the instigation of the local antiquaries,—that they have not renewed his permissions which they had given last year. It is against the law in Rome for any one to dig more than six feet deep without permission from the Government, and any labourer found doing so is liable to be sent to prison at once by the police without any form of trial. Mr. Parker has, however, continued to go on exploring the remains of the old Mamertine prison, and has found three doorways under the level of the ground in the cellars, and therefore at a great depth below the surface. All the walls and doorways are made of the large square or oblong blocks of tufa, the same as the walls of Servius Tullius.



[FOUND AT LAST.]

## FAITHFUL MARGARET.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

What pale blood you have!  
Is it for fear you turn such cheeks to me?  
Why, if I were so loving, by my hand,  
I would have set my life upon the chance,  
And saved him, though I died! What will you do?  
Chastelard.

THREE days afterwards a steamer was entering the harbour of Marseilles.

Margaret Walsingham, Madame Hesslein, Mr. Davenport, and the Chevalier de Calenbours stood on deck, watching the Mediterranean city grow larger, and breathing the lambent air which brought upon its wings the perfume of wild roses, and orange-trees and tropic herbs, although the mouth was yet February.

Madame Hesslein had come, she told Margaret, to meet her future husband; but if that were so she chose a singular method to prepare her mind for the gentle thrall of matrimony.

She was drawing the meshes of her secret net slowly round the unwary chevalier, even as some secret reef encloses the beautiful isles of summer, and lies in wait to wreck the unsuspecting ship that might carry future cheer to the prisoner.

Her witchery, her diablerie were maddening the little man; his customary caution had forsaken him, his intuitive perception of danger was unheeded—he loved the splendid syren.

The steamer anchored mid-stream, and waited for the usual fleet of little boats to dart out from the harbour and to carry the passengers ashore—not a sign or life appeared.

At last a signal-gun was fired in answer to their salute, and what was that tiny fluttering beacon which mounted to a tall flagstaff in the dock-yard?

The captain, gazing through his glass, grew suddenly silent, his face fell—the passengers curiously watching the limp, yellow rag, wondering much what it might presage.

Presently a tiny boat shot out from the shore, with one man at the oars, a painted toy which moved upon the glassy sheet like some tiny bird, and the man climbed aboard.

He was tall, and lank, and yellow-faced, his limbs trembled as he followed the captain to the cabin, and he shunned the passengers with half fearful looks when they would have questioned him.

In three minutes the captain and the stranger emerged from the cabin; and the passengers pressed

forward to hear what catastrophe had befallen the city.

"We must just right about face and get back," said the captain, ominously. "Not a soul can go ashore."

"What's up?" asked the gentlemen.

"Is it the plague?" whispered the ladies.

"Fever!" said the captain. "The whole city is raving; half the people have gone away, and the other half are dying."

Madame Hesslein's small eager face grew very pale; the chevalier burst into a heart-felt imprecation, and Mr. Davenport clutched the white Margaret's hand with a shocked—"Heaven preserve us!"

But she tore her hand away, and ran to the gaunt stranger who had brought such dire news.

"I am going ashore with you," said she.

He looked at her wild face, and shrank from her touch, he hurried to the stern to gain the boat.

"Don't come near," whispered he. "I've had it."

But she seized his arm and clung to him—she would not let him go.

Murmurs rose from her fellow-passengers. Mr. Davenport's eyes threatened to start from their sockets; but the captain interferred.

"No soul can leave the steamer," said he, reluctantly.

"I must go," returned Margaret, in a frantic voice.

"Miss Walsingham, you can't go," said the captain, sternly. "You would only fall a victim; and mind, I couldn't take you aboard again to carry the infection here."

"I won't come back," she cried; "but I must go."

"Miss Margaret, I beg of you not to throw your precious life away," entreated Mr. Davenport next.

"You can't find the colonel just now; most likely he's gone, poor fellow."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated she, raising her passionate eyes to heaven. "Surely I am not so wretched as that. Ah, sir, don't listen to them," she implored the man. "I will give you any money to put me ashore. There is a gentleman who may be dying for help, and he is a stranger there."

"Did you ever hear of a person called Brand being here?" demanded the lawyer, suspiciously.

"Oh, yes," smiled the man. "I know him well."

"Is he here?" whispered Margaret, looking pitifully up at him.

"Yes, he is; at least, he was three days ago, for

he was nursing me, and left me last Tuesday. I am just getting about again, and haven't been in the town yet."

"There, do you hear that?" cried Margaret, turning to the lawyer with a wild smile. "Kind as ever, noble as ever. Surely you believe now that we have found him?"

"Yes," groaned Mr. Davenport; "but three days make a difference; he may be dead now."

"I will find him and see," said Margaret.

"The woman's mad," blustered the captain, and left her to her fate.

"Nobody escapes, miss," said the stranger, warningly.

She never listened, she wrapped her cloak about her, and brought her travelling-bag from her saloon.

"Good-bye, Madame Hesslein."

She held out her steady hand, the calm light of heroism in her eyes; and madame, trembling and beseeching, saw that there was no remedy and wept a last:

"Farewell, Miss Walsingham."

She held out her hand to the little chevalier, who cast an agitated glance from mademoiselle to madame and awoke that it tore his heart-strings to part from either, but that vile fortune had decreed that he was not to see "the hand clasp" and the "happy hour," and kissed her hands in adieu.

And then she offered her cold hand to Davenport, who kept it close, and walked with her to where the little boat lay.

"You must not blame me if I never return," said she, eagerly, as he bent to button her cloak for her. "You know that it is my place to care for St. Udo, for his grandmother's sake. You will wait for news of me, won't you?"

Mr. Davenport took her in his arms, and handed her into the boat, and swung himself after her.

"Think I'd send you off alone, Miss Margaret?" asked he, with glistening eyes. "By Heavens, you must think meanly of me."

For the first time her resolution was shaken; she looked at him doubtfully.

"Go back, go back!" she cried, beseechingly.

"You must not peril your life for ours."

The old man shook his head and sat down in the thwart, and the boatman rowed away.

So they went to meet the peril which was worse than the battle-field; and the crew on the deck of the steamer gave them a cheer of admiration; and the passengers waved them a dubious "God-speed;" and the men sitting in the pretty barge raised a feeble "huzzah!" in return, which, however, sank

into hopeless silence ere it was half expressed; and they melted from the straining eyes which followed them, and went their way.

The boatman rowed into a wharf of the half-deserted town, secured his craft, and lifted Margaret out.

"D'y see that great house among them trees?" he asked, pointing to a large mansion on the brow of a hill, perhaps a quarter of a mile distant. "Them's the officers' quarters, miss, and we'll go there first. There were a score or more of sick soldiers there for their health. I came here myself after the battle, where they 'most killed the colonel!"

"Were you with the colonel the night he was stabbed?" asked Davenport.

"Yes, sir. I never left him when I could manage to be with him. Maybe you've heard of Reed, who served the colonel for awhile?"

"Yes," sighed Margaret, "he mentioned you in a letter to Dr. Gay. Haste, kind friend, and bring us to him."

They sped through the deserted streets, where every window was barred and every door jealously locked, and a few famished dogs broke the silence by long, wild, and ominous howls.

A cart, covered with a white canvas cloth, rumbled heavily by, and then Reed took the lady's hand, and dragged her to the opposite pavement, whispering: "Muffle your face in your handkerchief, miss, for Heaven's sake!"

And with bated breath they let the dead cart rumble by with its ghastly burden.

A funeral emerged from a court hard by—a funeral which was composed of the clergyman, an old man weeping over his dead, and tottering feebly after, four carrying the bier. They flitted by like phantoms—casting apathetic glances after the old man, the boatman, and the young lady, who were mounting the hill to that lonely house on its brow. They entered the grove, and with one accord paused and gazed towards the house, and listened, and looked in each other's faces for encouragement. The door was ajar, the windows all open, and the fair, white curtains fluttering low down among the climbing grapes and budding roses were limp and yellow with nights of dew and days of dust, but not a living face looked out through the silent panes, not a sound broke the deep and breathless silence.

These men were brave men, but which of them would venture within these desolate walls where death triumphant reigned!

Suddenly Margaret slipped her hand from the lawyer's clasp, and fled like a spirit into the silent house, fear, hope, and love giving her the courage which these others could not summon.

She traversed the passages, where all was wild confusion, she looked into every room, but the drivers of the dead carts had been there before her, each bed was vacant, each chamber that used to echo to the careless jests of the soldiers was dull and lifeless as they.

She fled up the staircase, she opened another chamber-door—it was the last.

It was a wide, dim chamber, whose close-drawn curtains banished all the light, and between her and the window loomed a great white object—a bed with the hangings drawn close about it.

No breath, no sound—oh, Heaven! is he not there? Is he dead and gone for ever?

A long sigh breaks the blank silence; a moan steals helplessly from the great white mausoleum which entombs the man!

She glides forward and draws back the shroud-like folds from window, then from bed, and the yellow light falls upon a flushed face.

And, blessed be Heaven! this is surely St. Udo Brand, and there is life in him yet!

The lawyer enters and tries to drag her back, and fills the room with his beseeching clamour, but she breaks wildly from him, and returns to St. Udo Brand.

"Heaven be praised!" she thinks, "that I am in time, and that this dear soul may yet be held on earth!"

So she lifts the hot head to her arm, and lays her loving hand upon the heart that is almost still, and she kisses tenderly the pallid forehead where death fain would print his seal.

And she whispers from her noble heart:

"Oh, Heaven! give me back his life! give me back his life!" and the old lawyer weeps, and repeats after her the half articulate prayer.

One glance of anguish she casts at her poor old friend, and past him up to heaven—it says:

"Man cannot help us—but Heaven will!" and then she turned her to the beloved one.

He has wronged her, hated her, maligned her; no single throb has his hushed heart ever beat for her; but she has forgiven him long ago, if she has aught to forgive; she is warming that chilly heart against her own, she is watching that disfigured face which

can never be disfigured to her—she loves him faithfully.

When Reed comes back from his search for a doctor, they find the old lawyer sitting by the window, with his wet eyes covered by his hands, and the woman kneeling by the bed, with the sick man's head on her breast.

"You must leave this place," says the doctor, in affright.

"No, I will nurse him," she smiles. So she has her way—good, Faithful Margaret.

### CHAPTER XXX.

"Ah, sweet! if God be ever good to me  
To put you in my hand! I can come to shame:  
Let me think now, and let my wits not go;  
God, for dear mercy, let me not forget  
Why I should be so angry; the dull blood  
Beats at my face, and blinds me—I am chafed to  
death,  
And I am shamed; I shall go mad, and die!"

*Algernon Swinburne.*

MADAME HESSEIN, standing on the deck where Margaret had bidden her adieu—weeping in her lace handkerchief until it was wet, and waving it after her until it was dry, seemed so well worth losing a thousand pounds for, that the Chevalier Callembours quickly overcame his sincere regrets at the mad Margaret's departure into the jaws of death, and, flinging all uncomfortable emotions into the limbo of forgetfulness, he abandoned himself to the care of this fair creature who was left upon his hands.

"There they go, those doomed ones," sobbed madame, with a gush of tears. "Farewell, farewell, poor devoted Graciela!"

"Be content, dear madame, I do not forsake thee—take comfort."

"Oh, chevalier, is there ever a man on this old globe who can show a heart like Faithful Margaret's?"

"Non Dice? I know such a man."

"I do not. I have yet to meet the man who is content to love without one hope of recompense; who counts it joy to lay his all at the feet of the one who has scorned him—who rushes with a willing soul to brave death in the service of his enemy."

"Madame is sceptical, madame is cruel. 'Ah—could she read the heart of Callembours—'

"Ha, ha, ha!" mocked madame, wildly, "perhaps I can. Perhaps I have met with such before, and, sifting it well, found it the heart of a fiend. But enough, 'tis a long time since I have believed in love and faithfulness, and such mockish sentimentalities; now, do you know what I believe in, monsieur?"

"Pardieu! no—cruel that thou art."

"Ambition is my god," breathed madame, tauntingly. "I will climb to the highest step of the social ladder, and there I'll feel content."

The chevalier grew pale with envy.

"If madame would accept my poor help to raise her to her throne," sighed he.

"Yours!" she interrupted, scornfully.

"Madame, I am not what I seem."

"Faith, I don't think you are."

"Madame, on the honour of chevalier, I possess some fine titles and estates."

"Foolish man, to cloak your royalty with this disguise!"

"I am Count de Santo Spirito, Turin."

"I salute you, count."

"I am Knight of the Two Sicilies."

"Receive my obeisance, knight."

"I possess fine vineyards in Hungary, and a jewel mine."

"My congratulations, illustrious sir."

"And I am your devoted slave, Madame Hessein."

The luring, mocking, maddening face of the lady lit up with fierce joy. She averted it quickly.

"I will resume these titles so dignified," cried the chevalier, "I will return to my fatherland; ver' good, mon ange, you shall accompany, you shall be my wife. You shall rule over nine hundred vinedressers, and seven vineyards, ma chère; they are worth seventy thousand florins in the year; and you shall wear the gems of agate, of jasper—of diamonds as you now wear this leetle ribbon—madame, all I have shall be yours."

She heard with a cool smile, but a bitter pulse beat in her throat.

"You are flattering, chevalier," she remarked, "and I shall think of it."

He seized her fair hands, and pressed them to his lips, but she snatched them away with a flush from the smouldering fire in her eyes.

"But first," said madame, with a keen glance, "you must assure me that the station you offer me is not gilded by imagination unassisted by gold."

Monseigneur sighed in heartrending despondency.

"Incomparable woman, you don't what is to the Hungarian noblesse dearer than life—my honour. But come, I will give you my proofs."

He escorted her to her state-room where waited the two maids of the charming lady, who always travelled with a complete retinue of servants; and going to his own cabin, presently he returned holding solemnly in his hands an elegantly silver-mounted coffee, which he placed upon the table.

Unlocking it, he drew from thence various parchments of official aspect, with large seals appended, and displayed them to the smiling inamorata.

"These are the rewards with which my country has honoured my poor services," said, with humility. "These papers attest my right to wear these titles you have just heard, madame. Voilà! 'To the Count of Santo Spirito, Turin,' and 'To the Knight of the Order of Two Sicilies,' Mon ange, what more can I say?"

A wicked smile was playing around her mouth.

"I accept your statements, chevalier—and yourself!" she murmured, with an exquisite side glance.

The little chevalier beamed with triumph, and bowed low over the lovely hand which she extended, and then she snatched it quickly from him, made a queenly obeisance, and vanished like a spirit from his sight.

What a dream of joy tinted with horrible doubt the succeeding month was for poor little Callembours! To-day she was amiable, gay, bewitching; to-morrow she would be looked in her room, and would send down a frantic entreaty to the good fiance to leave her in peace; presently she would reward his importunities by flitting into his presence, white, vengeful, and torturing him with coquettish and maddening allusions to his forgotten past.

And yet she was so beautiful, and so changeable, and so reckless that the wild Bohemian fire blazed up in the poor little man's soul, and he could not help loving her with a devotion worthy of a better object.

He expended his hoarded gains in leading her with costly gifts: and with mad prodigality assumed a splendour of estate which drained his finances to the lowest ebb; anxious only to win her for his own and finally leaving the *dénouement* until after the happy day, when madame could not help herself.

How he hoped to obtain her forgiveness when she discovered all, Heaven knows; but love not seldom infatuates men and goads them on to their complete ruin.

Not true love, though, of a worthy object; 'tis often the only saviour of a sinking man.

Presently the illustrious foreigner, loaded with his titles, penetrated to the upper circle of society where Madame Hessein moved, a solitary queen among shrinking ladies of *haut ton*, who with one accord admired, and hated, and courted her because she was the attraction, and it was "the thing" to say, "we had little Madame Hessein here last night."

What her beauty and refinement did for her, the chevalier's aplomb and versatility of genius did for him. Every one talked of the clever, polished Frenchman—in good society monsieur spoke only French, and wore his Legion of Honour flauntingly—every one raved about the dazzling witch he paid such court to; every one vowed that such a pair were expressly created for each other, none else.

On the last evening of this intoxicating dream the chevalier attended a brilliant assembly which madame held at her hotel.

Magnates of the highest rank were there, to give homage to their resistless hostess; and belles of tried skill were there, to waste their attractions upon the enthralled chevalier; but Romeo and Juliet had no eyes for any but themselves, although their smiles were showered upon all.

Madame Hessein, gorgeous as an Eastern houri, convened her little court about her ottoman, singled the happy Callembours out from all his vexed competitors, and threw him into raptures by addressing her remarks more particularly to him.

Fascinated, the gay throng watched that sweet, cruel face, its glimmering, chrysolite eyes, its writhing, quivering lips, and its wild mischief as the fair dame told her little story to the Chevalier de Callembours:

"Dear Monsieur, your latest anecdote puts this good company in your debt, so I shall do myself the honour of paying that debt with a narrative which is new, true, and pertinent."

"There was living in a certain town, some twenty years ago, a remarkable girl called—shall we say for the present—Dolores? for that, indeed, was her fate."

"She was very pretty, they said, but exceedingly poor. Her father was a blacksmith, and her mother was glad to obtain laundry work; so that poor Dolores started in life with the disadvantages of an undeniable beauty and a penniless purse.

"When sixteen, she considered it quite a lift in life to be promoted to the situation of waiting-maid to the wealthy Mrs. Maitravore, instead of trudging round the town with her mother's baskets of clear-starched garments to the various houses which patronised her labour.

"Mrs. Maltavers was old and fanciful, and she good-naturedly taught the girl how to speak well, and how to dress neatly, and gave her that preception of the true value of elegance which only the rich can give.

"Dolores liked to be well dressed, and to sway her humble acquaintances by the cleverness of her conversation, and Mrs. Maltavers was surprised and amused at her uprightness in such branches, and taught her with pleasure.

"So Dolores thankfully made the most of her position, and became much too fine a lady for the rough home she had left, and was flouted at by her rude brothers and awkward sisters, until she cut herself adrift from them all.

"Mr. and Mrs. Maltavers travelled for two years, and the waiting-maid went with them. Dolores liked the strange life, and learned more and more every day.

"At last the travellers came to Austria, and pleased with the rich, warm summer of the plain they stopped in Hungary for six months.

"The name of the town was—Szegedin; you have acquaintance with it count; you will take especial interest in a narrative that unfolds its climax in your birth-place.

"Our pretty Dolores had here the fortune to fall in love with a man of the barbarous name of Ladislaus Schmolnitz; and when you learn that added to his shocking name, he followed the profession of a tailor, you will only wonder at little Dolores' infatuation.

"But this little man, so handsome, clever and bland, met her often on the banks of the Theiss, and talked sentiment, and poetry and other pretty nonsense in the shocking language of Hungary to simple Dolores, and made her forget that he was a wretched little tailor.

"And he taught her to prattle in Hungarian, and then he asked her to love him, and she did love him—ah, friends, so passionately, so heroically, that I only wonder that her splendid love did not enable him.

"Ladislaus Schmolnitz then, the Szegedin tailor, ran off with Dolores the waiting maid, and laughed at the pursuit of the shocked Maltavers.

"But Madame and Monsieur Schmolnitz lived together for two years and were very happy.

"Very happy, dear friends, notwithstanding the poverty-stricken shifts which they were at to keep the wolf from the door.

"So happy, dear friends, that foolish Dolores wished for no other heaven than the heaven of the little tailor's love, and toiled, my heart how she toiled, to keep the treasure safe.

"At last, Monsieur Schmolnitz saw a chance to rise in the world, and took his wife and baby-boy to Paris, where he energetically began to teach languages, having a clever turn that way.

"He began also to neglect his Dolores, and to prove an indifferent spouse; even to accuse her of unfaithfulness—alas! she loved him far too wildly for such madness.

"But he disappeared from little Dolores one day, and never came back to her, and the silly girl's heart broke, she despaired.

"Homeless, nameless, encumbered with a boy of twelve months old, what could the poor woman do?

"She loved the boy, she nurtured him with care, and he was her only consolation when her heart was crushed with pain.

"When her husband died, she married an Englishman who took her out to Calcutta; but by this time her heart was so old, and cold, and weary of beating that it could hold no love for any man, and she devoted herself to the pretty boy, and brought him up a little gentleman, although she never dared treat him as her son for fear she should hate him some day for his wicked father's sake.

"She sent the boy to gain a finished education, and lived very wearily with her jealous husband, finding her only amusement in attracting the homage of the men she met, and repaying it with scorn.

"At last she grew too restive under the yoke, and having had experience before of the evils of jealousy in a husband, she declined rehearsing her bitter part a second time, and forestalled the humiliation by eloping.

"But her malevolent destiny could not leave her long in comfort, poor soul; it swooped upon her when she was almost contented, and with inexorable hand pushed her into misery once more.

"Some months had passed, but this insane creature was so enslaved by her passion for that unworthy man that no sooner was she recovered from her illness than she determined to display her true beauty, which was singularly heightened. She seriously hoped to win back his worthless heart, and dreamed of nothing but of endowing him with the wreck of her fortune, which was still quite a handsome possession.

"The unfortunate woman saw her boy die, and then, indeed, she thought that her cup of misery was full—but no, Heaven is prodigal of her gifts to such as she.

"Months passed, all trace of the man was lost to her; but patiently she searched for him until she found a clue.

"After many adventures she found him, and what think you were the titles which this little tailor had assumed?

"Dear count, will you not make a guess?"

"Friends, I believe our honoured count is indolent—how pale he has become! Little wonder, for he sympathises with every word I say.

"Do not, good Count de Calmebours, forsake us until my story is completed. You must go? Then I shall hasten."

She swooped forward, she seized the arm of the retreating cavalier, and wheeled him round until he faced the company.

He was frightenedly pale, his eyes flickered ominously, he glared helplessly at his tormentor, the beautiful bride-elect.

"What! has my fiancé nothing to say?" jibed madame, with dashing eyes, green as a tigress. "Is he choked by a skin of thread? Feasted by a thimble? Stabbed by a tailor's needle? Fie, fie! Ladislaus Schmolnitz, to let the coat fit you so well! To stand dumb as your own goose! Oh, cowardly little tailor!"

Shrilly the scoffing denunciation rang out; stepping back a pace she pointed her finger in his face and laughed wildly: and the good company, suddenly catching the irresistible drollery of the farce, burst into a long, convulsive, mocking peal of merciless laughter, till the room rang again, the glasses jingled, and the poor little tailor threw himself on his knees before the ferocious Nemesis and begged for mercy.

But the good company pointed their fingers in the wretch's appalled face and hissed him down; and the air seemed alive with ten thousand serpents, and the room swam around with eyes of mockery and ire: and deafened, horror-stricken, and utterly routed, the poor little tailor fell forward on the carpet in a dead swoon.

When he recovered his senses, the room was deserted, the lights were out, and one small, airy figure stood at a distant door with a taper in her hand and looking on the fallen hero.

"Better, good M. Schmolnitz?" mocked Madame Hesslein.

He rose unsteadily, and held by the back of a chair.

She bowed, and gave him one long, fierce, taunting glance.

He drew a pistol from his breast, took deliberate aim, and fired it full at her face, just as she closed the door.

It missed her by a hair-breadth.

She looked in again with a diabolical laugh, and vanished; and he, too, fled by the opposite door, just as the hotel servants rushed in to quell the tumult.

(To be continued.)

### THE MISER'S DREAM.

PETER RIGGS was a miser. Any one might have read it in his face, with its pinched outlines and eager expression, in his slouching gait, and his whole appearance. They would have read it still more clearly in the room which he occupied, bare of everything but the most absolute necessities. A couple of old wooden chairs, a table standing on three legs, and a rude bedstead, constituted nearly all the furniture he possessed. His housekeeping was on the most inexpensive scale. He boarded himself, and the man worth thirty thousand pounds fared worse than his poorest tenants.

Peter's wealth consisted almost entirely in lodging-houses, of which he owned a large number, and which, in proportion to their value, brought in a large income. It was questionable how much good all this did to Peter, since his personal expenses scarcely exceeded one twentieth of his income. What remained he either invested in additional houses, or hoarded up in an old chest which he kept securely locked under his bed.

It was the 24th day of December; to-morrow would be quarter day. Peter sat in his miserable room, shivering in spite of his cloak, which he had worn time out of mind. He had no fire. As it was six in the afternoon, and he usually went to bed at eight, he preferred to shiver for two hours rather than incur the expense of a fire.

Peter was jubilant with thoughts of the money he would collect on the morrow from his tenants. He drew out his strong box from its accustomed receptacle, and counted for the hundredth time the glittering gold coins.

"Two thousand eight hundred and seventy-five," he exclaimed, with satisfaction, as he finished the count, "and to-morrow will make it nigh upon three thousand. Ah! what a fine thing it is to have money; it pays me for all my privations—and I suffer many. Money is a powerful thing. Ah! little do they think who see the old man in his threadbare-clothes, how much he has to make him happy!"

Peter was really happy after his fashion, yet he was never quite content.

"If it were only five thousand," he continued, "how fine it would be! But it will be in a year or two. I must be more economical than I am now."

And he tortured his fancy to devise some means of retrenchment, without thinking of any!

"It costs a sight to live," he sighed—"a sight. If I could only live as cheap as they say one can in China—for a halfpenny a day—it would help me greatly."

Peter locked up his chest carefully, and pushed it back under the bed. He then sat down, folding his cloak closely about him, waiting until he should hear the city bells strike the hour of eight, his usual bedtime.

But Peter was more tired and drowsy than he imagined. He began to nod, and—perhaps it was the influence of the cold—he soon dropped asleep in his chair, with his head resting on his hands. Then a dream came to him which was destined to change the whole tenor of his life.

It seemed to him that as he was sitting in his room as usual, the door was suddenly opened, and a dark figure of a threatening appearance entered. Peter was terrified, as he might well be, since the door he knew was locked, and yet the visitor entered as if there were no obstruction.

"Who are you?" he faltered, eyeing the unknown.

"Have you come to rob me?"

"Of what?"

"Of my—my money—that is, what little I have."

"And if I should, it would be of no service to me."

"Oh," said Peter, reassured, "then I am ready to hear your business."

"I have come for you," was the answer.

"For me?" repeated Peter, again terrified.

"Yes."

"What for?"

"You may guess what for when I tell you who I am."

"Who are you?" asked Peter, more and more uneasy.

"I am the Angel of Death," said the intruder, solemnly.

Peter nearly jumped from his chair in affright.

"The Angel of Death!" he repeated, horrified.

"You have said it."

"But," said Peter, nervously, "you have made a mistake, good angel. Perhaps you think I am older than I am. I want yet eight years of being the appointed age of man; I am only sixty-two."

"I know it," said the visitor, composedly.

"Then why—why do you come for me now?" stammered the miser, with fear.

"Would you like to read your sentence of condemnation?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," answered the miser, scarcely knowing what he said.

The other struck the wall with his wand, and instantly there gleamed upon it in fiery letters:

"Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire!"

"What has that to do with me?" asked Peter, his teeth chattering.

"Tell me of your good works. Have you any to show?"

Peter was silent.

"When have you ever given the value of a farthing to relieve the necessities of others? Can you name a single instance?"

Peter hung his head.

"Do you remember the shivering child that passed you in the street this afternoon, and held out its hand for gift? What did you, who had in your pocket what would have been a fortune to her—what did you give her?"

The miser's face was tinged with shame.

"Tell me, then, what good you have done in the world? What becomes of all the gold that pours into your coffers? Do you ever encourage industry by spending it on yourself? Look at this miserable room, where you lead a miserable life, confining yourself to the barest necessities, when you might afford all its comforts. Tell me, Peter, have you yourself anything to gain by living? A few years of privation could bring you no happiness."

"But I am not fit to die," said the miser, appalled.

"Are you fit to live?" was the stern rejoinder.

"Do you think anyone would be the worse off for your death?"

"I will reform; only try me!" implored the miser.

"What good would it do?"

"Just a year!" entreated Peter. "Then, if I am not a different man, come and take me."

There was a pause. At length the reply came,

"It shall be as you wish. If, after the end of a year, I find no change in you, I will come again."

Peter awoke to find himself in the dark, and the cold perspiration oozing from his brow.

The dream had made a profound impression upon him. Suddenly the great delusion of his existence was rent away, and he saw his life in all its barrenness and folly.

He pictured to himself what he might easily have been, if he had not bowed all his life long at the shrine of Mammon; and with this ideal picture he compared what he was, and he shuddered at the wide contrast.

"My life has been a terrible mistake," he confessed to himself; "but thank heaven, I have still a little time left; I will devote it to making reparation. Heaven helping me, I will so act, that when I die some one shall miss me!"

As the first fruits of his good resolution, he made a brisk fire, and replenished it bountifully from his scanty stock of fuel. The old room fairly glowed in the cheerful blaze, and the miser spread his chilled hands before it with an air of satisfaction.

The morning dawned. At the usual hour Peter set out on his collecting tour.

Hitherto he had been a most inexorable landlord. Woe betide the unlucky tenant who failed to have the rent ready for him at the day and hour he called; he was likely to receive small mercy at Peter's hands.

Such was the condition of Mrs. Mercer, a widow with one son, on whom he first called. Her son had been in the habit of selling newspapers, and upon this more than upon the scanty amount which his mother made by sewing, they had managed to live.

But a fortnight before Charley Mercer had been taken ill—the illness no doubt being induced by exposure in stormy weather. In consequence of this misfortune, she was now ten shillings short of the amount required to meet her quarter's rent. Knowing as she did Peter's reputation, she prepared to meet him with trepidation.

"He is a hard man," she said. "I fear the worst."

"But God can change even his heart, mother," said her son.

"Heaven grant it," said she, fervently.

At this moment there was a knock heard at the door. It was the dreaded visitor.

"I suppose you have come for the rent?" said Mrs. Mercer.

"I believe this is quarter day," said Peter.

"I am very sorry that I have not got the whole of the money ready for you," said the widow, nervously; "but my boy has been ill for a week past, and that has diminished our earnings."

"How much have you ready?" asked Peter.

"I have it within ten shillings," said Mrs. Mercer.

"I can't take it," said Peter, decidedly.

"But," said Mrs. Mercer, misunderstanding him, "I will pay you the other ten shillings as soon as I can get it."

"What does your boy do?"

Mrs. Mercer understood this question to be asked with the idea of enabling the landlord to judge whether there was a likelihood of his soon being able to earn the money required to make up the deficiency.

"He sells papers."

"Does he like the business?"

Mrs. Mercer began to be surprised. She did not understand Peter's motives in asking the question.

"Not very well," she answered; "but poor people have to do as they can."

"Mrs. Mercer," said Peter, abruptly, "you perhaps think me a miser—and so I have been; but I see the folly of it. I am going to change my mode of life entirely. I shall furnish a comfortable house, and shall need someone to take care of it; will you be my housekeeper, at a salary of twenty pounds a year?"

"And Charley—" said the astonished woman.

"He shall live with us; I will take charge of his education."

"Heaven bless you!" exclaimed Mrs. Mercer, seizing his hand and bedewing it with tears of joy. "You have made me very happy!"

"Have I?" asked Peter, in joyful surprise.

"Very happy."

"Then I may yet be of some use in the world. Keep your money, Mrs. Mercer; I don't want it. Tell your boy to get well, and by next week I shall have a home ready for you to come to."

Peter passed on to the next room. This was occupied by a young girl and her mother. They had

both sat up all night to earn the last of the rent, which they knew would be demanded in the morning. They looked very pale and careworn.

"You do not look well," said Peter. "Do you work very hard?"

"We have to," said the mother, surprised at Peter's changed manner, "for we are paid very little. Here is the rent."

"I shan't take it, you may consider it as a present."

"You are very kind," said both, with grateful surprise.

"And I have decided to reduce the rents one-third, from henceforth," said Peter.

Peter left two happy hearts behind him.

"I never knew how happy it made one to do good," thought he, joyously. "How foolish I have been not to find it out till I was sixty-two!"

The next tenant had the money ready; but Peter noticed that her boy was without shoes.

"What is the name of your son?" he asked.

"Edward," said the mother, surprised.

"Then I give you back this money as a present for him. The little fellow needs it more than I do."

So Peter went his rounds. He had never passed a happier day. He remitted the quarter's rent in every instance, as he had determined in the beginning, and his opportune gift shed rays of sunshine over many a humble hearth.

This was the beginning of a new life to Peter Riggs. Henceforth he lived for others as well as himself.

As he had promised, he fitted up a house comfortably, and Mrs. Mercer and Charley came to live with him. In their cheerful society he enjoyed himself tenfold as much as he ever had before. The old expression of greed had faded out, and in the benevolent-looking old man who now walks the streets warmly and comfortably clad, you would hardly recognise old Peter Riggs the miser.

H. A. J.

A HEAVY thunderstorm recently passed over Halifax and neighbourhood, its effects being particularly felt at Ovenden, where the residence of a cotton-spinner was struck. The lightning went down one of the chimneys, and, with two exceptions, entered every room in the building, smashing all the windows and destroying the principal staircase. The lightning passed through the back kitchen window, which was instantly demolished, and entered the yard, where it tore up the flags, after which it entered the wash kitchen, destroyed the pump, and tore up the flags. Considerable damage was done to the house internally. Fortunately no one was at all injured. There was an immense fall of hail-stones.

**DISCOVERY OF AN UNDERGROUND DWELLING IN IRELAND.**—A curious discovery has been made on the farm of Kilourt, about two miles from Malin Head. While two men were raising a stone they found a large opening underneath. To the south of the opening there seems to have been a refuse-room, which is about 10 feet in length, and filled with limpet shells, beef bones, and ashes. Northwest from the entrance is an apartment 12 feet long by 9 feet wide, and 5 feet high; at the end of which is a small round hole cut in the rock, just large enough to creep through, which leads by a passage 50 feet long, by 3 feet wide, into a fourth apartment, running with a kind of curve, and 20 feet by 6 feet. Passing through this, the fifth division seems to have been a kind of water-room, with a clear spring in one end of it. The room is 12 feet long, 9 feet wide, and 6 feet high. To the left is a kind of cellar by 3 feet of a drop, the entrance of which is very small; but the cellar is 45 feet long and 5 feet wide, at the end of which is another entrance, built up with a shore stone.

**A HALFPENNY URBAN POSTAGE FOR LETTERS.**—The reduction, which Mr. Lowe has so justly conceded, in the postal charge for printed matter, must be regarded, some people think, as merely a forerunner of other postal reforms. The Post Office is a very profitable State monopoly; and though, of course, it must always make a certain charge for the collection and delivery of letters, yet all the net profit which is earned by the operation represents just so much tax upon the community for the means of intercourse. The concession just made will be of great service to the mercantile public, while the loss to the state will be trifling. The great additional amount of printed matter, newspapers, and circulars, which will be carried at a small extra cost, will go a great way towards balancing matters in a financial sense. There is thus all the more reason why, as soon as another surplus comes to be disposed of, a halfpenny rate should be established for letters posted and delivered within the same urban or suburban district. The profit, for instance, on those letters which are both posted and delivered in and around London must be very considerable. The cost of conveying a letter from Westminster to the Bank, or from Hyde Park to Camberwell,

cannot be anything like as heavy as from a country town in the south of England to the Highlands of Scotland, or to the west of Ireland; and yet we have to pay just the same for it. St. Martin's-le-Grand would certainly make a profit out of a halfpenny urban postage. If such a plan were established in London, as well as, for example, in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Birmingham, the advantage to the public would be great, and well worth even any diminution of profit which for a time might result to the postal department.

**WANTED A DIAMOND.**—Sir George Pigot, the 1st Baronet of Patsull, was Governor of Madras. He was created Baron Pigot 1793, which title became extinct on his death 1795. He bequeathed the celebrated diamond, called the Pigot diamond, valued at 30,000<sup>l.</sup>, esteemed by skilful lapidaries to be but little inferior in weight, water, and brilliancy to any known diamond in Europe, to his brothers, Sir Robert (the 2nd baronet, a brigadier-general in the army and colonel in the 38th Foot), and Admiral Hugh Pigot, and his sister, Margaret Fisher. On the death of the former it was solely vested in General Sir George, the 3rd baronet, Frances, relict of Admiral Hugh Pigot, and the said Margaret Fisher, when it was disposed of under an Act of Parliament in 1800, by way of lottery, for 23,998<sup>l.</sup>, in two guinea shares. In whose possession this diamond now is, is not known.

**A LIVERPOOL LADY SWINDLED OUT OF 40,000<sup>l.</sup>**—It is stated that the wife of Mr. Henry Newsham Pedder, formerly one of the firm of Messrs. Pedder and Co., Old Bank, Preston, but now of London, has been swindled out of 40,000<sup>l.</sup> by Mr. W. H. Cotterill, solicitor, of 32, Throgmorton Street, London, who recently absconded, and whose immense defalcations have caused so much consternation in the metropolis. The firm to which Mr. Cotterill belongs was formerly connected with Liverpool, and he was executor and trustee under the marriage settlement between Mr. Pedder and his present wife, *née* Grisedale, of Liverpool. Another trustee under the settlement died about 18 months ago, and since that time Mr. Cotterill has systematically called in for all the securities for the 40,000<sup>l.</sup> belonging to Mrs. Pedder without her knowledge or consent, and appropriated the money to his own purposes. A week or two before his flight he received a sum of 15,000<sup>l.</sup> from another client, for the purpose of being lent upon mortgage; but he did not even offer to lend it, and the presumption is that he has taken that sum with him also.

**A PROCESS FOR RE-SHARPENING FILES.**—W. Werdermann has exhibited a very interesting and economical process for this purpose, before the Société d'Encouragement of Paris. Well-worn files are first carefully cleaned with hot water and soda; they are then placed in connection with the positive pole of a battery, in a bath composed of 40 parts of sulphuric acid, 80 parts of nitric acid, and 1,000 parts of water. The negative pole is formed of a copper spiral surrounding the files, but not touching them; the coil terminates in a wire which rises towards the surface. This arrangement is the result of practical experience. When the files have been in the bath ten minutes, they are taken out, washed, and dried, when the whole of the hollows will be found to have been attacked in a very sensible manner, but should the effect not be sufficient, they are replaced in the bath for the same period as before. Sometimes two operations are necessary, but seldom more. The files, thus treated, are to all appearance like new ones, and are said to be good for sixty hours' work. M. Werdermann employs twelve medium Bunsen elements for his batteries.

## THE VEILED LADY.

BY THE  
Author of "Fairleigh," "The Rival Sisters," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

In Miss Angelina Wilton's sitting-room sat a fair young girl, whose shining, golden hair floated back in wavelets from her snow-white brow, and caught at the neck with blue ribbon, fell on her shoulder like a halo of amber light, whose fragil yet symmetrical form, glorious in its budding beauty, might have caused Diana to sigh for envy; whose mild eyes, tinted with heaven's azure, beamed kindly from under their delicately-fringed lashes, and shed a soft radiance o'er the cheeks where the hues of the rose and lily in nature's exquisite touch were blended, and whose rosy lips, parted in a pensive smile, revealed the fine, pearly teeth within.

Such was the heiress, Miss Alice Wilton, whose nature was as bright, pure, and innocent as her fair brow, whose disposition was as sweet as the smile which reflected such a radiance over her features; and whose heart, as tender as the light which glistened in her violet eyes, beat with true womanly emotions, which are ever sacrificing and noble.

Her mind, not yet fully developed, had, however, received some deep and impressive lessons in the school of varied experience, which enabled her to exercise a rare discrimination for one of her years, and to express lucid and logical opinions upon any subject which had been even remotely brought to her notice by suggestion or meditation.

Presently the door opened and Miss Angelina entered. It was evident by the restlessness of her eyes, and the movement of her lips as if in "self-communion," that she was in one of her most violent moods, though she was endeavouring to disguise it, and appear agreeable before the heiress. Accordingly, she assumed what she denominated as her "sweetest expression," and placing her hand upon the maiden's shoulder, said:

"How do you do to-night, dear?"

"I am dreaming a little," she responded, raising her clear, blue eyes; "meditation is pleasant at this hour when nature wavers between daylight and darkness—do you not think so?"

"Stuff—she's sentimental," was the lady's reflection, but policy forbade her framing those thoughts in words, and trying to look appreciative, she rejoined:

"Yes, it is apt to set one to thinking, I suppose."

A very faint smile—not perceptible to Miss Angelina—parted Alice's rich lips, as she reflected upon the coarse reply, and her companion's pretensions to poetry; and not wishing to have the harmony of her thoughts jarred by such language, she ventured no further remarks.

In a few moments Miss Seraphina entered, bearing in her arms a poodle-dog—a character, by the way, which up to this time I have not had an opportunity to notice—which she presented before the heiress, and observed:

"Isn't it a little dear, Alice?"

"It is certainly a very pretty little thing, but my objection would be, it is too little. I should prefer a grand St. Bernard or Newfoundland, who could protect me if occasion required."

Miss Seraphina was highly indignant, but regard for the interests of her friend prevented an expression of her real feelings, and dropping her eyes, she answered:

"I should hate one of those great clumsy animals, just like a man."

"Why, Miss Seraphina, how can you make such a comparison?" exclaimed Alice, in surprise. "You are unjust!" and her eyes shone with a light of mingled reproach and contempt.

Miss Seraphina patted her poodle very energetically, and glanced inquiringly towards Miss Angelina.

The latter shook her head negatively, and then seating herself near Alice, said, as if in extenuation of her friend's words:

"It seems strange to you, does it not, dear? But then, you are young yet, and have never seen how we poor ladies are oppressed. Of course you think men good, there is no reason why you shouldn't; but after you are more acquainted with them you will find how deceptive, selfish, conceited, and overbearing they are. It is sad to think of, but it is true," and Miss Angelina assumed a very compassionate expression.

During this harangue the heiress had gazed steadily into the face of the speaker, her blue eyes dilated, and her lips compressed to prevent them from curling into an expression of scorn.

As the "man-hater" finished, she lowly queried, in a tone almost pitiful:

"And do you exempt none?"

"Out of commiseration, and for the sake of charity, I have often tried to," answered Miss Angelina, very generously, "but I have found that they are all alike. Only a short time since my naturally kind heart prompted me to 'try again,' and reclaim one from his selfishness and self-love. At first I thought him a little better than any I had before seen, but I soon found to my disgust, that he was avaricious and grasping."

The person to whom Miss Angelina referred was none other than the courtly Mr. Smiles, whose bill being more than she thought proper, she had, in consequence thereof, stigmatized him as another member of the "worthless tribe."

"And you really believe there is not one good man in the whole sex?" asked Alice, half amused, half provoked.

"Not one!" replied Miss Angelina.

"Not one!" echoed Miss Seraphina.

A derisive smile for an instant played over the fair features of the heiress; then her face became grave, and she slowly said:

"You must be very unhappy. I could not enjoy life if I believed as you do."

"Unhappy!" cried Miss Seraphina, in wonder; then addressing the lump of animated curled hair in

her lap, she continued: "We are happy, ain't we, Fatty darling?"

"Yes," added Miss Angelina with a wistful toss of her head, "and a dear innocent little lamb like that is the only thing we can love, without fear of abuse or treachery."

"Lamb?" repeated Alice, in mock surprise. "I see none."

"I referred to this little creature," returned Miss Angelina, much vexed, but restraining her indignation by an effort.

"Ah," said the heiress, arching her pretty brows, "you meant the little puppy."

"The little puppy," ejaculated Miss Seraphina, effervescing with resentment. "I should like to know what you mean?"

Alice rose, advanced to Miss Seraphina, gazed wonderingly at the poodle, then raised her eyes very demurely, to the lady's face, and naively said:

"Why do you speak so hastily?—isn't it a puppy?"

Miss Seraphina was very angry, but a warning glance from her friend assisted her in repressing it; and with half-closed lips, she responded:

"It—it is a dog."

"Thank you for the distinction," laughed Alice, and resumed her seat unaware of the wrath she had kindled in the breasts of her companions by her allusions to the sleepy poodle.

The remainder of the evening passed in silence. The ladies were too much offended to converse, and the heiress divided her attention between books and reflection. At ten o'clock she bade them good night and repaired to her room.

The apartment was somewhat peculiar in its construction, being accessible by two flights of stairs, one at the front or centre, and the other at the rear of the house; the latter of which was locked and out of use. In the centre of the room, and near the front entrance, stood a large, old-fashioned book-case, which now served the purpose of a wardrobe.

Entering the room, Alice threw the window wide open and opened the door, that the cool night breeze might circulate freely.

Not wishing to retire, she drew a rocking chair near the middle of the room, and seated herself without lighting the gas, and gazed meditatively at the starlit heavens, while the sweet tranquillity of her features showed the admiration she felt for nature's wondrous works.

So absorbed did she become in the contemplation of the star-studded firmament, serene in its azure beauty, that she noted not the passing of time, but still sat with her eyes uplifted, and that warm glow of enthusiasm upon her lovely face.

Slowly, stealthily, like a snake about to spring upon a beautiful bird, an evil-looking man glided from the hall, and advanced towards the innocent child, his face distorted into an expression of malicious exultation, and his eyes fiercely gleaming—while she, rapt in delicious meditation, thought not of harm, nor imagined danger near.

Gradually he drew near her chair, and crouching low, contemplated for a moment with villainous joy the lovely picture; then suddenly arising, he thrust his dark face between her and the bright sky, and with rude hand clutched her shoulder.

Every particle of colour left her face, her blue eyes dilated with fear, and terror for an instant held her speechless; then with hasty and fervent prayer for strength, she sought to break from his grasp.

"No—no—my dear," he hissed, while his eyes rolled and gleamed, "you can't get away, you must go with me! See!" and he held before her a glinting dagger.

Horror, acute and paralysing, diffused itself through every artery and nerve of her trembling form, and sinking upon her knees, she raised her violet eyes beaming with eloquent pleading, and in tones of heart-melting supplication, gasped:

"Oh, spare me—what have I done? Oh, spare me—spare me!"

"S—sh! no words and you are safe," he hoarsely rejoined. "Come, I can waste no time!"

His brawny hand grasped her delicate wrist, his hot breath wafted across her cheek, his basilisk eyes shone savagely upon her, and trembling she stood at his side, while from her heart, which seemed almost stilled with agony, went forth the prayer: "Oh, Father in Heaven, help your child! Father, I call; oh, help me—help me!"

But all was still, and dark, and drear; the night wind sighed, a cloud obscured the moon, and no ray of light or help came to cheer her fainting spirit.

Higher grew the pressure of those iron fingers, and with her body dragging upon the floor, her long shimmering hair floating over her shoulders, her eyes wild with dismay, and her face deathly pale, the maiden begged—beseeched—implored—but in vain; and near-r the they drew to the door.

When hope seemed dead—when her brain reeled—when her heart seemed to have given its last pul-

sation—when Heaven it seemed had deserted her—then like a flash of sheeted lightning, a crimson glare illuminated the apartment, and dazzled her vision with its brilliancy.

Weird, unearthly, fiendish appeared the coarse features of the man under the effulgence, which displayed in bold relief their every lineament, and as the terrified girl beheld them, she uttered a shriek of despair, and frantically cried:

"Tis he! Oh, Heaven, 'tis John Moran!"

"Aye, it is!" he answered in sibilant tones, "and all the lights of Tophet can't stop me—come!"

As he spoke he turned his eyes. The carmine flush grew brighter, until every object in the apartment partook of its hue. Transfixed as if by some supernatural power, he unconsciously dropped her hand, and stared vacantly at the strange phenomenon.

The girl, feeling with thankfulness her release, dropped down at the side of the bed, and directed her eyes towards the windows, while above her, as if rooted to the spot, was the statue-like form of the villain, his body slightly inclined forward.

More startling, more grand, more awful became that invisible flame until the room was one blaze of rosy light, until the girl was thrilled to her very heart.

And still that silence prevailed, that stillness which savoured of the tomb, that quietude so ominous, portentous, and foreboding.

When the silence became as of death, and torture keen, its own ally, permeated the quivering maiden's being, then circled, as it seemed, around by azuro vapour, and enveloped in dazzling resplendence, appeared that queenly head, shrouded in its cowl of sombre black. Slowly that noble form rose on high, until it stood in all its commanding majesty—dark, powerful, regally beautiful in its matchless symmetry and awe-inspiring sublimity!

With a dignified motion of ineffable grace, that long arm, now a bright scarlet, was raised and pointed towards the quivering miscreant, while that usually white and marble-like face, now suffused with the prevailing radiance, was bent upon him with mute though terrible reproach.

And thus, like an avenging spirit of fire, like an angel of lightning clothed in the mantle of night, the Veiled Lady gazed upon them, nor moved an eye, nor made a motion, but stood in rigid stillness, grim, unearthly, yet surpassingly lovely.

Moran's frame was shaken by a fearful tremor, his breath came like the blasts from a furnace, his eyes protruded from their sockets, and his fingers closed and unclosed with convulsive action; an instant he wavered, and then wildly cried:

"Angel or demon, I will kill you!"

And springing forward, he menacingly raised his arm.

A sound as of rushing water filled the room, and ere he had taken three steps he was hurled into the hall senseless and bleeding, but no hand was seen, no sound of a blow was heard, only that sighing as if of the collision of foaming waters.

Simultaneously the light was dispelled, the Veiled Lady vanished, and darkness once more reigned.

Actuated one moment by terror, and the next by awe, the quivering girl had clung to the bed as her only support, while emotions which she could not define surged within her breast and oppressed her brain, and her heart's violent throbs sounded plainly on her ear.

"It is dark again," she sobbed. "Oh, have I dreamed? No, no, I have not been asleep! Oh, no, for I saw that face, the terror of my childhood, that hideous face of John Moran! And the other—what was it? That beautiful form, and yet so gloomy, it made me cold with awe. But am I safe, dare he come again?"

"No!" was wafted in hollow accents upon the night wind.

Alice trembled.

"Surely I heard a voice; let me pray for courage."

A moment her heart was lifted in prayer, and then with tranquillity infused into her perturbed soul by holy power, she arose, ignited the gas, and gazed about.

The room was empty, herself the only human being in it. An instant she covered her face, and then squinted:

"It is no dream, I saw him as he rushed forward in the red light. I saw him fall, then the crimson disappeared, and the dark lady with it! Oh, what means this?"

And she sank upon the couch, and for a few moments remained motionless; then she again arose, locked the door, and crept into bed.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

I LEFT the youth standing upon the port side of the barque Falcon, and clinging to the mizen shrouds.

With each succeeding moment the wind increased

in strength, and the waters arose and roared dismally.

Captain Linwood stood upon the quarter-deck, his face pale but wearing a look of firm determination. For a few moments he gazed at the lowering clouds, and then gave the order to make all snug.

Although the vessel was rolling from side to side, although death seemed sitting upon the yards, those hardy sons of the sea—the bravest of the brave—rushed to the groaning ropes, ascended in the darkness, and with difficulty retaining their balance, furled every inch of canvas, and descended in safety from their position of peril.

With her masts towering towards the skies, and bent to the starboard, and her sails flapping against them with a dull, dreary sound—now high upon the crest of a mighty billow, her bowsprit high in the air, then sinking into the trough of the sea, her stern only visible—the good ship struggled and laboured heavily amidst the agitated elements.

Suddenly a low rumbling echoed from the distant horizon, and grew in volume until with a desenting sound the thunder burst upon them, and mingled its dread voice with the meaning of the waves.

"We are going to have a fierce storm," mused the captain. "Is all fast, Mr. Clifton?"

"Aye, sir, every rope and sail are as firm as they can be made," answered the mate.

Ere the last word had left his lips a lambent flame darted along the south-west horizon, and for an instant illumined the broad expanse of sky and sea, and exposed the hissing waters for miles around.

Simultaneously the wind became more powerful, and whistled and groaned through the rigging, while the flood-gates of heaven were opened and the water fell in sheets.

"Keep her steady—keep a sharp look-out, Mr. Clifton; I must go below a moment," said Captain Linwood.

"Aye, aye, sir" responded the officer, with a shiver.

"Let me go for you, captain," interposed the youth. "You can ill be spared from the deck."

The captain gazed in wonder upon the boyish face, which paled not amid the danger of the elements, and replied:

"You may go if you choose. Give my wife a cheering word," and he shuddered as he heard the raging waters, shuddered for her sake, she who was dearer to him than life.

As the youth entered the cabin the vessel gave a terrible plunge, which seemed to throw her upon her beam ends.

Tremblingly Mrs. Linwood arose from the floor, where she had been cast by the violence of the shock, and with her brown eyes shining with fear, and her face white with heartfelt anxiety, she placed her hand upon the youth's shoulder, and said:

"Oh, Frank, is my husband safe? Tell me—what of the storm?"

"He is safe, dear Mrs. Linwood," rejoined the youth, soothingly, "do not fear, we shall outride the gale: the Falcon is staunch. But I have come for your husband's storm-jacket, the rain is falling fast."

In a moment she placed the desired article in his hand, and earnestly cautioned:

"Do be careful, my boy; you may be swept from the deck. I wish you would return and remain here?"

"Yes, Frank," added Mr. Tweed, "do come back, it is certainly dangerous on deck."

"Please excuse me," answered the youth, his eyes lighting. "I admire the grandeur of the tempest. Do not be anxious, I will lash myself to the rigging if there is need."

And with these words he smiled reassuringly, pressed Mrs. Linwood's hand, and left the cabin.

As he reached the deck the thunder boomed like the roar of a thousand cannon; the forked lightning flashed in weird gleams; the wind blew in gusts; and with a lurch the Falcon rolled over on to her port beam.

As the youth was hurled from his feet he caught at the main shrouds, and desperately clinging to it, escaped being tossed into the raging waters.

Captain Linwood's lips were compressed, as holding to the mizen starboard shrouds, he gazed for an instant upon the quivering masts, the shrieking cordage, and the groaning timbers; then with a feeling of regret that he must maim his beautiful vessel, he commanded:

"Clear away the main rigging—quick, men, for your lives."

Then turning to the mate, he continued, in a lower tone:

"Summon the carpenter instantly, the mainmast must be cut away."

The mate hurriedly passed the order, and then to facilitate the movements of the men, he lent his aid in clearing away the deck tackle.

Still grasping the main-port shrouds, and standing in water nearly to his knees, the youth listened to the raging, foaming waters, and then glanced towards the masts, which leaned over the waves, and seemed about to break at every moment, while each strain of the vessel's timbers sounded like the report of a pistol.

While thus occupied with his thoughts, a rushing, hissing sound greeted his ear, followed by the snapping of ropes, and the next instant a top-spar crashed down from the mainmast, and striking the bulwarks, sent splinters flying in all directions, and then glanced off into the sea.

"Are you hurt?" cried the captain, clutching a mizen halyard, and swinging himself towards him. "No, I am not," replied the youth; "but see, those noble fellows have breathed their last."

And he pointed towards two sailors who had been struck by the falling spar and instantly killed.

Deeply the captain felt their loss, and a tear coursed down his manly cheek as he thought of home and friends far away who ne'er would behold them again.

But he had no time for reflection. Other lives, aye all on board his vessel, were in jeopardy, and after ordering the bodies to be carried to the forecastle, he excitedly said:

"Mr. Clifton, where is the carpenter? We have not an instant to lose."

"Aye, aye, sir, here I am," answered that individual, approaching with axe in hand.

"Cut away the main-mast!" ordered the captain. "Stand by to ease the deck-tackle—now!"

"Hold an instant!" ejaculated the mate. "Now, Frank, jump—quick!"

The youth saw his peril; then throwing his whole power into one spring, he leaped from the main-rigging, caught a rope, and swung himself on to the starboard quarter.

The captain drew a sigh of relief as he saw the youth safe in the mizen-shrouds, and then hurriedly commanded:

"Put your blows in quick and hearty! Our timbers are under a fearful strain!"

"Aye, aye, sir," returned the carpenter, and mingling with the roar of the tempest sounded the regular blows of the broad-axe.

In a moment Mr. Tweed appeared at the companion-way, and queried, in a voice somewhat unsteady:

"Shall we ride through—"

"Below! go below! your life's in danger!" shouted the youth.

But hastily the scientific gentleman disappeared down the companion-way, wet nearly through, though he had been there but an instant.

A few more vigorous blows, and the carpenter leaped aside, the tall mast wavered and creaked ominously, the vessel quaked in every joint, and then with a rumbling, clicking, snapping, and at last a detonating terrible crash, the mast fell over the port side and slid into the rolling ocean.

"She rights!" The Falcon is again on her keel!" exclaimed the mate, joyfully.

The words ameliorated the look of apprehensive anxiety upon the face of the captain and raised the spirits of the sailors, who now, with hope of life, scanned the horizon and endeavoured to discern one favourable omen.

But nought appeared to lift the veil of blackness; not one star shone from the murky sky, and the only light was the lurid gleams of lightning, which like fiery serpents traversed the heavens.

"She rolls very heavily, and lies deep in the water," said the captain, in a low voice. "I cannot understand why: she should be lighter."

The mate's face paled, and drawing nearer the captain, he queried, in a startling whisper:

"Can there be water in the hold?"

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated the captain, under his breath, "it cannot be! But order the carpenter below—quick!"

The order was instantly passed, and an interval of agonising suspense occurred—such suspense as the elements of the sea-tempest only can inspire.

In a few moments the carpenter returned, and breathlessly articulated:

"There is ten inches! 'Tis gaining fast!"

"My wife! my love! my Helen!" cried the heart of the captain, in mute accents, and for a moment he stood rigid; then breathing a hasty prayer and calling forth his fortitude, he walked forward, and calling his men around him, said:

"Comrades, you will obey my orders quietly and rapidly? We work for each other! for our lives! our dear ones! You hear?"

"Aye, aye, sir! we are not afraid! Tell us! we will serve!"

"I know your courage, my brave fellows! There is water in the hold! To the pumps!" and the captain waved his hand encouragingly.

With faces on which fortitude and resolution were written, and hearts that beat only with noble feelings, those true sons of the sea went at their laborious work with hearty good-will and hope—hope that they should live to again press to their hearts some loved one in a far distant home.

Walking among the men and giving them cheering words went the youth, his dark eyes glowing and his face wonderfully calm. As he stopped at the pump he noticed one of the men retarding his companion in the execution of his duty.

The youth stooped, gazed upon his features, and started back in horror and amazement!

He had seen that face—but where? He could not recollect, yet it impressed him with loathing and suspicion, which was as harrowing as it was inexplicable.

Quickly turning, and deeply imbued with mistrust, though not why, he sought the mate, and whispered:

"Have you a new sailor on board?"

"Yes; why?" said the mate, interrogatively.

"I like not his looks nor his actions," hastily continued the youth. "Please step into the waist and watch him a moment."

Wondering why the youth should be so earnest, yet well aware that he never made a request without having an object in view, the mate moved quickly forward and regarded the man closely, but saw nothing to awake distrust, and retraced his steps, somewhat surprised that Frank should cause him unnecessary alarm.

"I do not trust him nevertheless," said the youth, as the mate stated the result of his inspection. "He is cunning enough to deceive you."

And with these words the youth walked forward to the bows.

"Sound the hold again!" commanded the captain, addressing the carpenter.

The latter descended, and as he was returning he was met by the captain, who quickly asked:

"How is it—does it gain?"

And in a low tone from the carpenter's lips came the dread response:

"Eighteen inches!"

Upward and peering imploringly towards heaven the captain's eyes were raised, and faster beat the heart beneath the rough jacket, but his face, though pale, was calm, and to his men he spoke kindly:

"Cheerly men! With faith in heaven we shall weather the storm—cheerly!"

Sunburnt faces reflected grateful smiles, sailor hearts throbbed with love, and in tones whose clear ring rose above the blast, came the words:

"Aye, aye, sir! We'll float her, or die!"

The captain smiled perfuse, and turned away.

The youth, who for a moment had not been seen, now approached the captain, and in suppressed tones of painful earnestness, said:

"I must have the carpenter under my orders. You will be silent, and not refuse?"

In astonishment the captain gazed upon him, and hastily inquired:

"What is it?"

"Hist! Not a word—time is life! You must consent!"

The youth's agitation, his manner almost fierce in the intensity of its sincerity, gave rise to forebodings in the captain's breast, and grasping him by the wrist, he forcibly said:

"You shall tell—why are you so excited?"

The youth's eyes burned brilliantly through the darkness, and pulling his hand away, he impressively, but impatiently rejoined:

"For all our sakes—for your wife's sake give me the liberty!"

Even in the midst of such peril the captain could not repress the admiration he felt for the heroism displayed by the youth, and inspired with a sudden confidence in his ability, boy though he was, he quickly answered:

"Yes. Go!"

With a glance of thankfulness, the youth sprang away, sought the carpenter, and clutching him by the arm, whispered:

"Bring a lantern, plugs, oakum, tools—hurry, I say!"

Not waiting to question by what authority this command was given, but impressed—aye, awed by the authority of the youth's presence, the carpenter flew to execute his wishes, and presently returned with the articles named.

"Don't speak, but follow me to the stern davits," said the youth, with dignity.

Wonderingly the carpenter obeyed, almost ready to believe his young conductor insane, so brightly shone his eyes, and so plainly did the pale face denote suppressed rage.

Arriving at the stern davits, starboard, the youth sprang lightly into the boat there hung, and motioned his companion to follow him.

With more deliberation, for the worthy carpenter was somewhat afraid of falling into the sea, he carefully entered.

Taking the lantern and placing it between the rowlocks in the centre, the youth raised his scintillating eyes to the other's face, and pointed to an auger-hole in the bottom of the boat.

"Good Heaven, who has done this?" ejaculated the carpenter, his face growing whiter. "It is nothing less than murder!"

"Aye, and murder it will be, if you do not quickly repair it."

Quivering from the force of the many emotions that possessed him, the carpenter laboured assiduously for ten minutes, and then pronounced it finished and seaworthy.

"Good!" muttered the youth, while a flush of anticipated triumph mantled his cheek. "Now go to the bows, starboard."

"What? Have the others been tampered with?" questioned the carpenter, in mingled horror and alarm.

The youth replied by an inclination of his head, and ordering his companion forward, stopped a moment, and addressing the mate, said:

"Be sure and keep that new sailor at the pumps; don't let him stop to breathe!" and his eyes flashed.

"What do you mean?"

"Do as he commands!" interposed the captain.

Astounded, the mate gazed from one to the other, and then responded:

"Aye, aye, sir, it shall be done!"

The youth now hurried forward to the launch, where the carpenter was already at work.

"There is treachery most accursed here," said the carpenter, with just anger; "there are two holes in this."

"I know it!" rejoined the youth, with low, ringing accent, "and you'll find two also in the jolly-boat!"

The carpenter dropped his chisel and gazed upon the youth in dismay; then, as if fully alive to the greatness of the peril he drove in the plug he was fitting more energetically. As he finished he queried:

"How did you find out this awful fact?"

"My suspicions were aroused, and I examined the boats."

"Do you think the leak in the hold is the same piece of work?"

"I do," answered the youth, while his dark eye gleamed, "and he who did it shall meet his reward!"

The carpenter was now called away to measure the water in the hold.

Twenty inches was the amount, and a faint hope entered the captain's heart that they might outrun the storm, and he imparted it to the sailors, who, all but one, received it with joy.

The carpenter now rejoined the youth, and together they proceeded to repair the third boat. In a few minutes it was finished, and the carpenter said:

"There is one more."

"Yes," replied the youth, significantly, "but that is whole; but tell me, have you duplicate oars for the others?"

"I have; but you do not think we shall need them, do you?"

"Heaven only knows!" murmured the youth. Then he continued aloud: "I cannot tell; but have them where you can get them at an instant's warning. And another thing, you will do well to watch those boats as much as you can."

The carpenter assured him that he would, and the youth advanced to the quarter-deck.

As the captain saw him he grasped his hands, and huskily ejaculated:

"Now tell me—what have you done?"

The youth drew nearer to him, and whispered:

"Control yourself. Every boat on this vessel was scuttled, except one!"

"Great Heaven!" articulated the captain, in consternation; "what foul work is this! But go on—what next?"

"I have seen that every one is repaired; they are now seaworthy. I did not want to tell you of my discovery when I first made it, for I wished to save you the extra anxiety. I thought I could take care of that."

"You have!" returned the captain, warmly. "You have proved yourself a hero, my boy, and should our barque be lost, you have helped me to a hope of life. But let me think. Ha! all but one scuttled! That gives me an idea! One man must have done this, and left that to escape in—"

"Exactly!" interrupted the youth, while his eyes sparkled with a dangerous light; "and all I ask is to be allowed to give him his just reward."

"What! you know him?" and the captain started forward, and laid his hand upon the youth's shoulder.

"I do!" he responded, in tones betraying righteous wrath.

"Who—whoch one?" gasped the captain.

The youth hesitated, and then rejoined, in a low, firm voice:

"If you will allow me to deal with him without interference, I will tell you; unless you do, I will not."

"Strange, strange boy!" mused the captain, casting a peculiar glance upon him. Then he impulsively added:

"I promise! Redeem your word!"

"The new sailor!" answered the youth.

Bro the captain could speak, the mate approached and said, in tones hard and hollow:

"We are doomed, captain! There is three feet six inches of water in the hold, and the men are exhausted. What are your orders?"

As these words with their awful import rushed across the captain's mind, his head fell upon his chest, and it could be seen that a battle between hope and fear, love and courage, fortitude and dismay, was raging within his breast.

For a few moments he stood silent, while his being was rankled by feelings as wild as the warring elements about him; then he raised his pallid, determined face, and firmly replied:

"I will not give up my ship as long as there is one ray of hope! Order stimulants to be served to the men! You and the carpenter, and Frank and myself will man the pumps while they rest!"

"You are a true sailor, captain!" exclaimed the youth, admiringly. "We will hold on to the last plank!"

"Aye, aye, that we will! We will never desert our sailor-captain—never!"

These words, bursting spontaneously from the lips of the man in the very face of death, showed the respect, and what is better, love which they felt for Captain Linwood, inspired by his uniform kindness and consideration.

Presently Dombey came upon deck, and insisted upon taking the youth's place at one of the pumps, which he reluctantly gave up to him.

The rate had abated somewhat, but the wind increased; the thunder became more terrific, the lightning more lurid, and the Falcon, disabled, waterlogged, and heavy, moved forward very little, but rolled from side to side.

Although Captain Linwood's decision was that of a resolute man, a thorough sailor, and a judicious commander, yet all around him knew that ere long the Falcon would have to be abandoned to the waves.

With energy and patience the captain and the first officer worked one of the pumps in the waist, and the carpenter and Dombey the other, while the sailors alternated at the pumps fore and aft, but at the end of an half-hour, the second officer reported nearly five feet of water, and all then felt that further efforts were useless.

Once more calling his men about him, the captain regarded them in silence a moment, that he might gain control of his voice, and then gravely said:

"My men, in you who have been with me in calm and storm, in life and death, it is needless to tell you that we are in a sinking condition. What I require from you is fortitude and forbearance. We have boats enough for all; a seaman expects no more. I want no confusion, no rushing; all must be orderly. Will you obey?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" came the deep earnest reply.

The captain clasped his hands, breathed one hasty, fervent prayer, called forth his fortitude, and with as tranquil an expression as he could command, descended to the cabin. As he entered, his wife rushed towards him, threw her arms around his neck, placed her pallid face close to his, and trying to steady her voice, said:

"Oh, William, are we safe—shall we—?"

Her voice failed her, her arms held him closer, and she hid her face in his neck.

"Dearest!" His voice was choked, and he dashed a tear from his eye. "There is no hope. We are sinking. Our only recourse is the boats. Be strong, love, and collect your shawls and blankets—hasten—haste!"

She raised her snow-white face, her delicate hands met, and for an instant a tremor shook her frame; then she became calm and resigned, and answered as she turned away:

"Life or death, my own, I am with you!"

"Bless you, dearest—bless you!" came from his heart in faltering tones.

"And we are lost?" asked Mr. Tweed, in a low, quivering voice.

"Yes," replied the captain. "Above is God—below the ocean! You must be upon deck in one minute."

"What! you know him?" and the captain started forward, and laid his hand upon the youth's shoulder.

While the captain had been in the cabin the boats had been provisioned, and the men now stood ready to do his bidding.

He glanced over the gunwale. Was it bright hope that seemed to change the turbid waters to quietude? No; they had fallen, and had lost their wild fury of a few minutes before; yet the thunder still rumbled and the weird lightning flashed.

Thankful even for this, he commanded:

"Lower away the yawl!"

At that moment Mr. Tweed, accompanied by Mrs. Linwood, stepped upon deck. As the latter saw the dismantled barque, the inky blackness, and heard the low moaning of the waters, her heart almost failed her; but at that instant his strong arm encircled her waist, and looking up through her tears, she said:

"My husband, I am strong now; I will go anywhere with you."

"There, there, Bob, did you hear that?" stammered an old sailor, as he drew his rough sleeve across his eye. "I would die a dozen times to save her."

"She's as near an angel as you'll find in a life's cruise," returned his companion, with deep feeling.

Mrs. Linwood heard not the words, and under the guidance of her husband moved on.

"Please, captain, may we man your wife's boat?" queried one of the old sailors who had spoken of her so reverently.

"Yes, you may enter now."

With alacrity, not proceeding from selfishness however, but from nobleness of thought and purpose, they stepped over the side and seated themselves in the yawl, and were presently joined by the three mates.

"Now, Frank," hurriedly ordered the captain, "you get into the launch, quick!"

"Captain Linwood," and the youth's eyes flashed fire and his voice became deep and musical, "go to your boat—the ship will soon sink—I am the last one to leave this vessel."

"This is madness!" cried the captain. "I command you, come now!"

"Most rash boy—come—come—you are mad!" echoed Mr. Tweed, from the jolly-boat at the starboard stern davits.

"Will you go?" shouted the youth almost angrily. "I tell you I leave the Falcon last! He who takes me will have to fight."

"Massa Frank, I'se gwine to stay wid you."

And faithful old Dombey drew near, although he knew his imminent peril, although he felt the ship going down beneath him—he faltered not, but was willing to die with his beloved master.

For an instant Captain Linwood gazed on the youth standing in the waist of the doomed barque then at the darkness and the rushing waters, and whom none save but he.

The man stepped upon the gunwale near the port stern and prepared to lower the boat—the boat that had been left whole—and there, in semi-darkness, stood the destroyer of the Falcon, the would-be murderer.

Would a just Heaven allow him to escape after jeopardising so many human lives?

No! The arm of Justice was already raised.

By the dim light in the mizen rigging the youth saw him, and then, while his face became calm and white and resolute, as if actuated by an avenging angel's mission, he drew his revolver, took deliberate aim, and fired.

A shriek, and the man sank into the restless waves, a corpse.

"He has killed a shipmate!" cried the last six of the crew, who were assembled together.

"Tis false!" exclaimed the youth, in a ringing voice. "I have given a traitor—a murderer, his just doom!"

"He speaks the truth!" said the captain; and lowly added: "It is an eye for an eye."

"Yes, lads," ejaculated the carpenter, "he was the scuttler of our good barque!"

"Alas, only too true," mused the captain, and moved towards the vessel's side.

"Do you blame me, lads?" asked the youth, breathlessly.

"No—no—no!" they loudly answered, and the oldest murmured: "Tis the will of Heaven!"

"Then come to the port stern davits; we are settling—down with the boat!"

On they rushed, and presently the boat was lowered.

"Massa Frank, where shall I gwine?" yelled Dombey, running about the deck.

"To the jolly-boat at the starboard stern—with Mr. Tweed! Leap—it is your only chance!"

Dombey surveyed the distance, and then guided by the light in the boat's stern, jumped high in the air, and fell among the sailors in the boat.



[LAST TO LEAVE THE WRECK.]

The youth saw that he was safe, and then knew that his chance for life laid in a similar attempt, from the stern port. Quickly ascending the mizen shrouds, he balanced himself and then sprang, and—struck not the boat, but sank into the rolling waves.

All held their breath, an instant more and he arose to the surface and swam bravely towards the boat, guided by the beacon in its stern. A moment more and strong arms grappled him and drew him in.

The time, from the moment the Falcon was thrown on to her port beam up to the instant when the youth was drawn into the boat, had hardly exceeded ninety minutes.

The captain, his wife, Mr. Tweed, or Domby, knew nothing of the last ordeal through which the youth had passed. Now that he was safe, it was well they did not.

Buffeted about were those little boats upon that raging, foaming sea, while the noble Falcon slowly sank beneath the angry waves until her light in the fore-rigging was even with them.

In the stern of three of the boats was a light that they might keep near each other if possible. Rowing against such a sea was utterly futile, and all were obliged to allow their boats to float at the mercy of the waters.

"Twas a position to try the stoniest heart, and as they gazed into the darkness, and at intervals felt the salt brine dash in their faces, their spirits quailed, and yet they were thankful that the boats would float.

Now and then the friends hailed each other, and even then a joyful thrill went to their hearts as they heard their comrades' voices rising above the wind in answer, and knew that thus far Heaven had spared their lives.

Mrs. Linwood, wrapped in thick shawls, lay upon her husband's breast, her eyes directed to his face with an eloquent glance of pure affection and trust, which expressed her feelings more plainly than words could have done.

And still the night wore on, and still those little crafts containing human lives, beloved by many, floated o'er the bosom of the trackless waters, with no hand strong enough to direct their course, but borne and steered by winds and waves.

Exhausted, both mentally and physically, many fell asleep, nor knew whether they should ever wake again.

Among the number was Mrs. Linwood, whose head nestled close to her husband's breast, and whose hands clasped his with the tenacious grasp of enduring love. He slept not, but looked out upon

the sable mantle in which the ocean was enveloped, and then at the little shell which contained all that was dearest to him, and which the raging waves could snap even as a straw, and then at the beloved face which was pressed to his; and wondered, and hoped, and prayed—and still the night grew deeper.

Gradually the storm abated, the thunder ceased its dread rumble, the lightning no longer chased the rolling billows, and slowly the night crept away, and the glistening stars peeped out, and shone o'er the waters, which had now become quiet.

The hours flew on. In a golden flood the amber-faced sun mounted the horizon, and shed his glorious beams over the wide-spread sea, and awoke the voyagers, who with thankful hearts, saw that the wind was still, and the storm had passed.

But even in their gladness, even in their joy and appreciation of the benevolent kindness of the Creator in sparing their lives through the dreary night, there sank a gloom upon their hearts, and under its influence their faces paled; for the jolly-boat containing Mr. Tweed, six devoted sailors, and the honest Domby, was nowhere in sight.

In vain Captain Linwood scanned the ocean with his glass, and sought to discern their comrades' boat, and at last, with deep sorrow, came to the conclusion that it had been swamped during the night.

"Is there no hope, William?—could they not have reached land?" inquired Mrs. Linwood, with dewy eyes.

"Alas, I fear not," returned her husband; "the only reasonable supposition is the one most dreadful to contemplate—that they are lost," and he bowed his head.

"Do not despair, William," said his wife, smoothing the hair from his brow as she had done years before; "there is a possibility, at least, of their safety."

"I do not despair, dearest; but Daniel I have known for years, and to have him lost in my ship, or from it, is terrible."

"But it is not your fault."

"No, but that of a treacherous coward who sank my noble barque! I wish Frank had riddled him with bullets!"

"This is the first time you have given way to anger for years. Be calm, William," and her sweet brown eyes were bent pleadingly upon him.

At that moment the boat containing the youth came alongside. His expression showed the deep grief he felt at the loss of his valued friends, and in a low, sad tone, he said:

"Both gone, Mrs. Linwood—my guardian and

poor, faithful Domby," and he added, in a lower key, "and we perhaps shall soon follow."

"We must hope, my child," she murmured, "the same Providence which has protected us will guard them."

"I know it," he responded, "and yet all who have ever cared for me are swept away at one fell blow. Oh, doubly accursed be that craven who scuttled our ship! May the sharks feed upon his wretched body!"

Mrs. Linwood replied not. She saw that the fiery heart had again burst forth, and knew that 'twere better to let reason of its own accord quell its angry pulsations.

The other boats drew near, and the little fleet sailed together during the day.

Often the captain's glass was raised, and scanned the horizon in hopes of perceiving a sail, but none hove in sight, and the day passed slowly, drearily away.

Night came, and still those little boats floated on the deep waters—above them the star-gloaming sky—on all sides the restless, sighing waves.

Captain Linwood gazed upon the wife at his side and his heart seemed to quiver with pain, and his cheek paled as the dread thought crossed his mind, shall she—oh, Heaven!—perish by starvation upon this wide expanse of water?

And she, although oppressed by vague forebodings and disturbed by awful fears, still maintained that wonderful tranquillity, and sought to cheer him whom she loved better than all the world beside.

The night passed away and morning once again dawned, and with the rising sun arose a faint hope in the hearts of the voyagers.

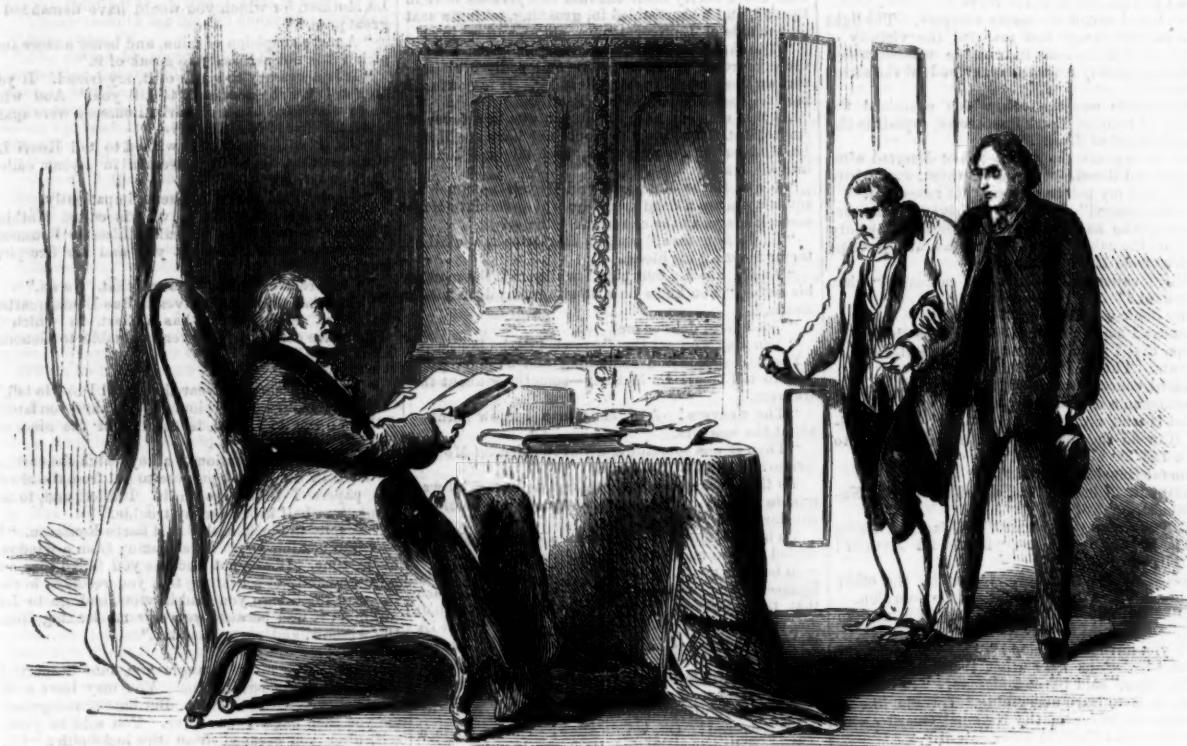
The noon came, and as Captain Linwood peered through his glass, he discerned a large ship bearing directly down upon them.

Instantly he communicated the glad intelligence, and eyes beamed that before were dim, and hearts throbbed with hope and thankfulness that before were heavy.

Signals were raised and answered from the vessel, and at 3 p.m. she drew near and the wrecked party were taken on board.

As the youth stepped upon her deck and noticed the heavy guns and their nicely-kept carriages, the regularity of everything, the extreme order which prevailed, he felt a glow of admiration, and for a moment he was happy; then a shade clouded his mind and heart as he thought of the loss of his dear friends.

(To be continued.)



## THE LOCKSMITH OF LYONS.

### CHAPTER XIV.

Vengeance is still alive ; from the dark covert,  
With all her snakes erect upon her breast,  
She stalks in view and fires me with her charms.

Young.

THE man in the cab had attained the end for which he had followed the carriage. That is, he had seen the artisan leave the carriage and conduct Blanche into the mansion. He saw the carriage depart.

That there had been a struggle, or rather commotion in the carriage a few minutes before it arrived, the person in the cab was aware, as his head was thrust from the cab window at the time, and his eyes were staring after the carriage.

It appeared to this spy, for such he was, that a man or a very large bundle, was tossed from the carriage, and he was confident that just before this something was tossed out, he heard the cry of a human voice or the scream and yell of a wounded beast.

But the clatter and rattle of the cab-wheels upon the pavement, and the distance between the two vehicles, made the ears of the spy uncertain in this matter; and indeed, he was not sure that his eyes had not deceived him in the obscurity of the night.

When the carriage of Raoul André halted, the cab also halted, fully twenty yards in the rear.

The pavement before the residence of Dr. Planche being brightly illuminated by two ornamental gas-lamps near the kerb-stone, and by two others in front of the residence of General Henri La Mothier, it was possible for the person in the cab to discern the departure of those in the carriage, and their entrance into any of the houses near it.

The man in the cab, with his chin resting on the edge of the window, the cab being halted in a deep shadow of a lofty house said :

"They have gone into a house?"

The cab-driver replied :

"Yes, monsieur—into the house of Dr. Planche."

"Are you sure, at this distance? I think you should have driven nearer, or rather not have halted at all."

"Oh, pardon, we are near enough. My eyes are very good, and I am perfectly familiar with every stone in Place Bell-court. They went into the house of Dr. Planche—I am sure of that."

"And my eyes are very good, too," said the person in the cab, testily. "I see, there before those gas-lights, two houses very much alike. One has steps of white marble, or white steps of some kind, leading up to the front door. The other has dark steps, or

the steps are in shadow. They went up the dark steps, or the steps in shadow, did they not?"

"Yes, monsieur. The front steps of Dr. Planche's house are of black marble. Those of 145 are of white marble."

"Well, I am satisfied. I know where they are," muttered the spy. "But perhaps they go there to remain but a little time. I do not wish to remain here all night, and yet the house must be watched. Driver!"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Who is this Dr. Planche?"

"A very famous physician, philosopher, and artist, and, in fact, a man of great science."

"A young man, eh?"

"On the contrary, sir, an old man."

"And has lived many years in Lyons, of course?"

"No, monsieur. He has lived in Lyons but a year. But the carriage has turned around and is coming this way. I shall catch a drubbing if the driver discovers that I have permitted my cab to play spy on his fare. I know him, and he knows me. It is Raoul André."

"We are in the shade, and he will probably drive past without remark."

"Ha! I know that voice," said someone at the cab-window, in the ear of the spy.

The speaker of these words seemed to have risen suddenly from the earth as he spoke. He came up from the ground, as it were, a shadow within a shadow, and grasping the edge of the cab-window with both hands as the spy jerked his head back from the window.

It was too dark in that deep shade to discern features, yet the man who had risen from the earth, thrust his head into the cab, saying in a low voice:

"Barbe Rousseau!"

Instantly after, and in time to escape the thrust of a knife then being drawn to strike him, he imitated with his lips the shrill sounding of a rattle-snake, a sound very much like the sharp song of the locust.

"Le Scorpion!" muttered Barbe Rousseau, for the person in the cab was he. "I thought you were dead."

"Oh, and I had the same belief as regards you, my friend," said Le Scorpion, still leaning in at the cab-window. "Come, it seems we are both alive, and in pursuit of the same purpose."

"Oh! then it was you that I thought I saw tossed out of that carriage not fifteen minutes ago?"

"Yes, I have lost an eye. How it pains. Curses on him who struck me! But let me get in there with you. Since we are alive we must renew our alliance."

"Get in there," growled Barbe Rousseau, opening the cab door. "I do not know yet that we are to be allies."

"Ah, you are in a rage. You are meditating an assault on me. Take care!" hissed Le Scorpion, pausing with one foot in the cab.

"No, I am not in a rage."

"Take care. Remember the sting of Le Scorpion."

"Get in!" snarled Barbe Rousseau. "I was excited by your unexpected appearance. Get in. Perhaps it will be best to be allies again."

"I think so," replied Le Scorpion, as he sprang into the cab.

The cab contained two seats, a back and front. Barbe Rousseau sat upon the former, Le Scorpion coiled himself up on the latter.

"I have my knife in my hand, Barbe Rousseau. Remember that."

"Good! And I have mine in my hand also. Do not forget that, Le Scorpion."

"A scratch from mine makes an end of you."

"I should live two seconds after the scratch, Le Scorpion. In half that time I could split you as a fisherman does a mullet."

It was in this amiable manner that Le Scorpion and his brother-in-law, Barbe Rousseau, renewed an acquaintance and intimacy that had been broken off for several years.

While the conversation just related passed between them, two vehicles, coming from different directions, were nearing the cab.

One of these vehicles was the carriage of Raoul André, driven slowly, as he was casting his eyes about in search of two things, the two lamps of his carriage casting a broad halo of light around as he moved.

The two things for which honest Raoul sought were, first, the body of the man the artisan had hurled from the carriage; second, the whip armed with needle-pointed balls of lead.

"The rascal must be dead," thought Raoul. "A toss like that ought to kill the arch-fiend himself. If I find the body I shall not be far from the whip. The body is easier to be found than the whip, so I will keep my eyes well about to the right and left for the body, and having found that, then look along in the middle of the street for the whip. It is well that all the police have been sent to look after the disturbances among the weavers at La Croix Rousse, or the body and perhaps the whip also would already be picked up. In truth, the streets of this quarter are quite deserted. The rumour of impending riots has made even those usually late abroad hurry to their homes. Good! for I shall have time and chance

to find that whip before anyone else. Ho! is not that a cab I see in the shade there?"

Here Raoul halted his horses abruptly. The light of his carriage-lamps had revealed the vicinity of the cab; and at the same instant the vehicle which was driving slowly from the other end of the street also halted.

This vehicle was the cab which contained the bruised and battered Esark Hasserbrek, captain in the National Guard of Lyons.

"Ho! it appears the street is not deserted after all," muttered Raoul. "It was, I think, somewhere near this that my patron pitched that rascal out."

"Halloo, there!" shouted the driver of Hasserbrek's cab, who had halted his horse some twenty paces from the cab of Barbe Rousseau, and perhaps a hundred from Raoul's carriage.

"Well?" called back the other cabman; "what do you want?"

"Why don't you drive on?"

"Because I am not sure of places here about. It is seldom that I have business in this quarter of the aristocrats. This is Place Bellecour?"

"Yes, of course you know that, or you have not been a cabman a month in Lyons."

"That is true, my friend, I am recently in the business. How do the numbers run here? I wish to find No. 145."

"General Henri La Mothier's?"

"That is it. I have a fare, an officer of the National Guard, for No. 145."

"Did you hear that name?" whispered Barbe Rousseau to Le Scorpion. "Henri La Mothier! Does he live in Lyons?"

"Arrived a few days since. I saw him the other day in his carriage," whispered back Le Scorpion.

"And he lives at No. 145, and the girl is now in No. 147."

"Ho! you have a suspicion?"

"Silence! Let us hear what these cabmen are chattering over," said Barbe Rousseau. "Besides, it is always well to learn everything. I would like to know why an officer of the National Guard seeks General Henri La Mothier at midnight."

"Especially as the general is not in active service," remarked Le Scorpion.

The conversation between the cabmen, however, rapidly degenerated into mere gossip, and becoming impatient of the delay, Hasserbrek thrust his head out of the cab-window and bawled out:

"Gabbler that you are, will you never be done with your abominable chit-chat. Has he not told you that General La Mothier's residence is not far away? Drive on! I am in haste to see General La Mothier."

"Esark Hasserbrek!" exclaimed Le Scorpion, in a whisper, and with difficulty too, as his mouth and gums were terribly bruised.

"Esark Hasserbrek!" echoed Barbe Rousseau. "I thought he was dead."

"Oh, then you imagine no one is to have long life but yourself!" sneered Le Scorpion. "Bah! He is alive and has risen in the world, it seems. And he is in haste to see General Henri La Mothier. Why?"

"No doubt he, being now of the National Guard, has discovered something of the intended movements of the weavers, and is hurrying to inform a general officer," replied Barbe Rousseau.

"Bah! no such thing!" said Le Scorpion, spitting out a tooth. "There—that makes five teeth in all that I have lost—and an eye!"

"Curses on your teeth and your eyes!" snarled Barbe Rousseau, in a rage. "That certainly was the voice of Esark Hasserbrek."

"Of course it was. He is in that cab."

"He must know that I am alive, and on the side of the weavers."

"Bah! you think to deceive me with your fear for the plots and plans of the weavers," said Le Scorpion, sharply. "If he is going to speak with General La Mothier, it is not about weavers, but about the girl who is called the niece of Mother Grimo."

"Ha! perhaps. In either case he must not see Henri La Mothier. We must stop him."

Here Hasserbrek again bellowed at his cabman, who had driven close up to the cab of Barbe Rousseau and halted for a few more words of information.

"Here!" roared the enraged Hasserbrek, as he dashed open the door of his cab, and scrambled to the ground. "I go no further with such an ignorant man for a driver. Booby, I paid you in advance, or curse me if I'd give you a sou. I have your number, and I'll prosecute you. Here, you other cabman—you appear to have some sense. Can I have a seat in your cab as far as General La Mothier's?"

"Certainly. Get in, captain," said Barbe Rousseau, apologizing for his cabman, and in the voice of a very old man. "We are going in that direction—I and my friend."

It was too dark to distinguish features. Hasserbrek could barely make out that two persons were in the cab, and he scrambled in, groaning, taking a seat by the side of Le Scorpion, groaning, and saying:

"Thanks, gentlemen, whoever you are. I have the misfortune to be very sore and sadly bruised—thrown from my horse this morning. It is not far, I believe, that I shall intrude upon you."

At that moment Barbe Rousseau was in a fever of excitement. The man he would not have seen Henri La Mothier for a sack of gold, had stepped blindly into his arms.

"I am Barbe Rousseau, and if you so much as squeak you are a dead man," he whispered into Hasserbrek's face, as the cab began to move.

"Barbe Rousseau!" gasped Hasserbrek, a chill of terror freezing his blood.

"And I am Le Scorpion," whispered the man at his side. "You know how he stings, my dear friend Esark."

"Good Lord deliver me!"

"You may well say that," growled Barbe Rousseau. "You had discovered something and were on your way to tell Henri La Mothier—something about the weavers."

"The weavers! As I am a man I know nothing about the weavers."

"Then it was something about the niece of Mother Grimo?" hissed Le Scorpion.

To this Hasserbrek made no reply. In fact he was unable to reply. His tongue was powerless from the consternation of his mind.

To have blindly stepped into a cab already occupied by two men of whom he stood in great dread—to be shut up in that cab with the ferocious Barbe Rousseau and the terrible Le Scorpion—to learn that these two vindictive and dangerous men had discovered his purpose in wishing to see Henri La Mothier—made Esark Hasserbrek quiver with terror from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet.

"Ha!" continued Le Scorpion, giving the arm of the trembling man a sharp pinch. "It is true then that you have discovered or suspected something."

"Discovered! Oh, saints alive! I have made a charming discovery," cried Hasserbrek, upon whom the pinch of Le Scorpion seemed to have acted like magic.

"Good! let us hear it."

"My charming discovery is that my former comrades and dear friends, Le Scorpion and Barbe Rousseau, are alive and in my company."

"Yes, in your company," said Barbe Rousseau. "In the company of a captain of the National Guards, who will, of course, at first chance say to the authorities of Lyons: 'Here are two grand rascals—you have heard of them—drive them from your city, or give them to the guillotine without delay. Rascal, if you are a captain of the National Guard, I am Barbe Rousseau."

And with this the speaker seized Esark Hasserbrek by the throat with both hands, as if about to strangle him.

"Oh!" gasped Hasserbrek, "I am a dead man!"

## CHAPTER XV.

And then, that hope, that fairy hope,  
O! she awak'd such happy dreams,  
And gave my soul such tempting scope,  
For all its dearest, fondest schemes. Moore.

ESARK HASSERBREK, quivering with his throat in the fierce grasp of Barbe Rousseau, and imagining that Le Scorpion's poisoned knife was bared and raised to finish him, was ready to give up the ghost in sheer terror.

Just then a flood of light poured into the cab through the window, and the cabman halted.

"If you say a word or make a cry, you will be a dead man," hissed Barbe Rousseau, so close to Hasserbrek's ear that he for an instant imagined his ear was to be bitten off.

Then thrusting his ugly head from the cab, Barbe Rousseau exclaimed to the cabman:

"The gentleman has changed his mind. Drive on until I tell you to stop."

The cabman, who had halted before the residence of General La Mothier, at once drove on, caring very little whether or how long he drove, so that he was paid for his trouble, and knowing nothing of the affairs transpiring in his cab.

"Let us be friends and allies, as formerly," said Hasserbrek, finding that the grasp upon his throat did not grow tighter.

"Now you speak sensibly," replied Barbe Rousseau, taking his hand from the neck of his captive. "But you must not imagine that you can deceive us. You were going to tell something to Henri La Mothier?"

"Yes."

"You were going to demand a great price for what you might tell?"

"Of course. Why do anything for nothing? That is not my custom, nor yours."

"Good. Now, what were you going to tell Henri La Mothier, for which you would have demanded a great price?"

"A mere suspicion of mine, and being a mere suspicion it is not necessary to speak of it."

"It is necessary to speak of it, my friend. If you do not, it will be necessary to kill you." And with these words the hands of Barbe Rousseau were again upon the throat of his captive.

"Oh, I will speak. I wished to tell Henri La Mothier that there is a woman in Lyons called Mother Grimo."

"Go on," said Barbe Rousseau, impatiently.

"And that this woman who is called Mother Grimo is one who was once called Lisette Rousseau—remember that I thought you and Le Scorpion were dead."

"I will remember that you say that. Go on."

"And that this woman lives in Rue Denis, quarter La Croix. And that she has a chest, in which I suspect are certain papers very valuable to General La Mothier."

"Go on."

"Oh! that is all. I swear that is all I had to tell."

"Liar!" said Le Scorpion. "Why have you lately followed the girl who is said to be the niece of Grimo?"

"To get the impression of a key which she carries in her belt. It was my purpose to get from the chest the papers I think are in it. I failed, and, to be frank, was half killed for my trouble."

"You by the locksmith," said Barbe Rousseau. "I saw him beating you. I was gazing from a window at the time. It was not because you failed to get a false key and got a beating that you resolved to relinquish the design you had in view, and go to La Mothier; it was because you saw me looking from the window, and recognized me."

"Oh! I swear—"

"Wait, or I must strangle you into respectful silence. You recognized me. You may have until then believed me to be dead. But having recognized me you then knew I was alive. You said to yourself, after you escaped from the locksmith: 'Oh, Barbe Rousseau is alive and in Lyons! I have no love for him. Since he is in Lyons it is useless any longer to plot against Mother Grimo. He will soon know as much and more than I suspect, if, indeed, he does not already. I must hasten to see La Mothier and make what I can out of my suspicions, and also sell Barbe Rousseau. I will also tell La Mothier that Mother Grimo claims a beautiful girl as her niece, and that I suspect this girl to be the infant daughter of La Mothier—a child supposed to have been drowned some fifteen years ago by this rascal Barbe Rousseau—for all of which Esark Hasserbrek will receive an enormous reward!' That is what you thought, my friend, was it not? eh?"

Such had in truth been the intentions of Esark Hasserbrek, or rather a part of his reflections. But Esark Hasserbrek was one of those thrifty rascals who always try to kill several birds with one stone. He intended also to say to General Henri La Mothier:

"I am sorry to say that that beautiful young girl who is called Blanche de Mounlaine, and who is no doubt your daughter, has a passionate love for a low fellow of a locksmith, one Robert Lackville, once a galenier; and unless you immediately secure her from ever being seen by him again, he will make her his wife, or worse."

By this and other statements Esark Hasserbrek imagined it very possible that first he would receive the enormous price he should demand for his information; second, that La Mothier would kill Barbe Rousseau with his own hand, or have him executed by the law; third, that Mother Grimo would be imprisoned for life; and fourth, that the man who had beaten him to a jelly would have his heart for ever broken, being deprived of all hope of ever wedding the daughter of so great a man as Henri La Mothier, Comte d'Acire.

These were the four large, fat birds Hasserbrek had intended to kill with one stone in the shape of a single private interview with General Henri La Mothier.

But his ill-fortune had now placed him in the power of two formidable men, with whom he must act as they pleased—at least until a chance for his safe betrayal of them might occur.

"It is not necessary for me to deny anything you are pleased to suspect," he replied to Barbe Rousseau; "for, unfortunately, you would not believe me. Henceforth let us act together, and if anything is to be made let us share alike. I am sure I can be of some service to you. Mother Grimo, who saved the child, no doubt, when you cast it from the bridge Pont-Neuf, in Paris, fifteen years ago, is very cunning as you know, and if she once suspect that we are even in Lyons, or in France, or alive for that matter, will hide herself and the girl."

"She has lost the girl."

"Oh! I did not know that. That is bad."

"That locksmith has the girl under his protection."

"Since when?"

"She visited his shop not long after he gave you that beating, but we will tell you all about that hereafter—in fact Le Scorpion may know more about the matter than I do," said Barbe Rousseau, who then thrust his head from the window, and called to the cabman:

"Drive to 48, Rue Denis, *faubourg La Croix*."

"Oh! is there that Mother Grimo lives," said Hasserbrek.

"Yes, we are going to see her. She is now one of us again—the circle of the snake-charmers is again in existence. At least a very important part of it."

"Drive fast," cried Le Scorpion, to the cabman, "my eye or the place where it was, is driving me mad with pain. As for the rascal of a coachman who wounded me, I shall kill him. Perhaps this cab-driver knows him—such fellows always know each other. When we leave the cab I will ask him."

Within an hour the cab halted in a miserable-looking street in quarter *La Croix*, and the three men left it and entered a house, but not until Le Scorpion had learned from the cabman the name of the man whose terrible whip had cut out one of his eyes.

"Raoul André," muttered Le Scorpion, as he followed Barbe Rousseau and Hasserbrek upon the stone stairway, on their way to the apartments occupied by Mrs. Grimo, Barbe Rousseau clutching the arm of Hasserbrek half to aid him and half to keep him with him, "Raoul André, Barouche No. 17—residence 45, Place *Libaut*. I will remember you. I will find you. I will pay you for destroying my eye—he! I will give you the sting of Le Scorpion."

We must now return to Blanche and the artisan, whom we left as they entered the house of Dr. Planche, in Place *Bellecour*.

The artisan opened the street-door with a passkey, and with Blanche upon his arm, crossed the spacious vestibule, and entered a hall magnificently furnished.

Such display of wealth, taste, and luxury had never before greeted the eyes of the beautiful and artless girl, and for a moment, her gaze was dazzled by the brilliancy of everything around her.

There were two footmen, in rich livery, standing in the hall as the artisan and his fair companion entered. It was evident, however, that they had just been seated in the carved oaken chairs, by which each stood erect as the artisan entered.

As his eyes met theirs they bowed with deep respect, while their well-disciplined features betrayed no surprise at his appearance, nor the manner in which he came in.

"Madame Planche?" questioned the latter.

"Is in her own apartments, Monsieur George," replied one of the footmen, bowing again.

"She has not retired?"

"Madame was in the grand saloon a few minutes ago in search of a book, I think."

"No," said the other footman, "madame came down and went into the office to learn if Monsieur George had been in since morning."

"And Dr. Planche?"

"The doctor is in the office."

"Conduct this young lady to Madame Planche, Guillot," said the artisan. "And you, Blanche," he whispered to her, "have only to say to Madame Planche, when you are presented to her, these words: 'I am Blanche De Mounlaine, and ask your protection and care in the name of George Herbert.' Do you understand?"

"Oh, Heaven! I understand nothing!" exclaimed the bewildered girl, trembling.

"Do not tremble, my dear child. Do you fear to trust in me?" whispered the locksmith, as with a gesture he caused the footman to retire beyond earshot."

"Oh, Robert, I trust in you as I trust in Heaven; but they call you Monsieur George, and you called yourself George Herbert. I know that is the name you are known by in the schools of design, but oh, there is so much mystery in all this—so much that I cannot understand. This Madame Planche, I do not know her."

"She has heard of you, dear Blanche, and will treat you as a kind mother treats a beloved daughter. Trust in her as you have hitherto trusted in me. All will be explained to you in good time. To-morrow we will meet again, but now we must separate."

"I did not expect that he whom I called my Robert was a man of wealth and rank."

"This wealth is not mine, dear Blanche. It is the wealth of my friends. I beg you to go to Madame Planche while I have these burns and wounds dressed by the doctor."

"Oh, how cruel, heedless in me to forget those wounds, dear Robert. There, I am ready to go anywhere you desire," said Blanche.

"The lady is ready to follow you, Guillot," said the artisan to the footman.

"This way, if you please, mam'selle," remarked the footman, who answered to the name of Guillot, as he advanced bowing, and then turned towards the hall stairs.

Had Blanche worn a coronet and the garb of a duchess, this footman's manner could not have been more respectful than it was to her in her plain and simple garb of coarse red stuff.

With a parting glance full of love and faith at the artisan, she followed the servant.

"Antoine," said the artisan to the other footman, when Blanche had disappeared, "your arm."

The man was at his side in an instant.

"Ah, monsieur is wounded?"

"Badly; at least, I am very faint. I am bleeding fast here. So—let me lean on your shoulder. Now let us to the doctor."

The exertion made by the artisan in hurling Le Scorpion from the carriage had torn apart the seared lips of the large wound in his breast, and the renewed loss of blood was rapidly reducing a strength almost gigantic.

So long as Blanche was with him, the artisan had succeeded in concealing his fast-failing strength; but it was with staggering and feeble steps, and eyes swimming from weakness that he reeled rather than walked into the apartment to which he was supported by the footman Antoine.

An aged but vigorous looking gentleman, with noble and benevolent features and heavy locks of snowy-white hair, was seated at a table reading, as the door was opened and the artisan reeled in.

He pushed up a pair of gold spectacles from his eyes and gazed inquiringly for an instant towards the young man, and then sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Ha! I expected it! wounded. Such imprudence! Risking your life among the vagabonds of *La Croix* House."

"Check the bleeding, my friend, and then I will explain," said the artisan, stripping his bosom.

"Take care," roared the old physician. "Lie down on that lounge. Good! Ha! Antoine—leave the office—go at once. I am able to attend to Monsieur George by myself. Do you hear? depart, Antoine."

"Antoine has seen it," said the artisan. "Antoine has seen the brand and knows that I have been a galerten. Antoine and I have worked at the same oar, yonder in the harbour of Toulon."

"It is not necessary to tell the world of that, is it? It is well that you closed the door, or that long eared Guillot—"

"Would have heard not a word," interrupted the artisan, "as he has gone to the apartments of Madame Planche with—but you are not listening, doctor; you are probing at that cut."

"Silence! not a word until I have stopped this flow of blood. Heavens! how is it that you have been stabbed and burned? but don't open your mouth until I tell you. Clear through the arm too! You have been in a battle; it is very plain that you have been in *La Croix Rouse*."

"Le Scorpion," said the artisan.

"Le Scorpion! He wounded you," cried the doctor. "Scipio Maius wounded you! Impossible! You would never have lived to tell me of it had he done this."

In a breath, as it were, the artisan told how he had received his wounds and how that a friend had soon after cauterised them and plied him with brandy.

"That friend saved your life, no doubt," said the old physician. "Oh, when I was giving you a history of those snake-charmers, I little thought you were so soon to exchange blows with the very chief of them all—Scipio Maius, Le Scorpion. So he is in Lyons—ah, if he suspects I am here also, I must keep my eyes open day and night. Yes, I pointed out to you the old woman the other day," said the doctor, dressing the wounds of the artisan while he talked, "the old woman with squinting eyes. You said she called herself Mother Grimo, but I said I was sure she was one of the band of infamous thieves, assassins and what-not—the snake-charmers—and that she was Lisette Rousseau, sometime the wife of Scipio Maius—known better as Le Scorpion. Having once been a city physician of Paris, and connected secretly with the detective government police, I know a great deal about the outlaws of France. I had a great share in breaking to pieces that formidable band 'the snake-charmers'—and I have been fortunate in escaping the daggers of those who survived. As it was, so many attempts were made to assassinate me that I resigned my position, changed my name and went to England where I remained for many years, as I have often told you. Had I not believed that Le Scorpion and all the others were dead, I am very sure that I should not have returned to France. Two of the chiefs

now in Lyons!—Le Scorpion and the sister of that fiend, Barbe Rousseau. I must be on my guard."

"Barbe Rousseau is also in Lyons."

"Impossible!" cried the doctor. "He fled to Hungary after the fearful crime he committed on the Pont Neuf in Paris—after he hurled the infant daughter of the Count D'Aucre from the bridge into the Seine! He fled to Hungary, and was there killed in a village brawl."

"Have I not told you that there is a mysterious personage often alluded to as a secret chief among the lodges of the weavers, under the sobriquet of 'The Baked Crab'?"

"Yes; and a very ridiculous sobriquet it is. What of that personage? Have you at length gained a sight of him?"

"I have seen him, and from the description you gave me of the man Barbe Rousseau, once head of 'the snake-charmers,' I know that 'The Baked Crab' is Barbe Rousseau."

"Good Heavens! Are there then no less than three of those wretches still living?"

"Yes; and in Lyons." Barbe Rousseau, Le Scorpion, and Lisette. Three chiefs—the three who were most guilty and most dangerous of all."

"And Esark Hasserbrek."

"Yes, I know he is in Lyons. I saw him yesterday. He was in some way connected with 'the snake-charmers,' but was pardoned for the information he gave secretly to the government, and afterwards given a position. It is not probable that he has now anything in common with the others. But now tell me of this potent fellow among the weavers, they call by that ridiculous sobriquet, 'The Baked Crab'."

The artisan then related his encounter with Mother Grimo and Barbe Rousseau.

"True, then, he must be alive, and in Lyons," remarked the doctor, after he had heard the narrative. "But who is this person of whom you only say, 'My friend did so,' 'My friend seared the wounds,' 'My friend who was present when Mother Grimo came into my shop,' 'My friend who told me the man who had stabbed me was Le Scorpion,' 'My friend, who greatly fears Barbe Rousseau, came with me in a carriage to this house'—Come, that person must be somebody. I would like to make his acquaintance. Is he all this time left in a carriage before my door? Go, Antoine, and—"

"I have dismissed the carriage, doctor," interrupted the artisan, smiling.

"I am sorry for that, my son. You should have brought your friend in with you," said the doctor, reproachfully. "I would like to know how he learned your assailant was Le Scorpion—in fact, how he knew anything about Le Scorpion."

"My friend came in with me."

"Oh! then he is in the parlour?"

"No. My friend is now in the apartments of Madame Planche."

"Come! you are hiding some mystery here."

"My friend is now being caressed by Madame Planche."

"Oh!"

"At least I hope so."

"Speak out. You are teasing me. Who is 'my friend'?"

"Blanche de Mounlaine."

"What! the beautiful young lady you told me you suspected to be—"

"Take care, doctor!" cried the artisan, interrupting him quickly. "Even the suspicion is a secret between you and me."

"The noble girl! And it was she who thrust red-hot irons into your poisoned wounds! What nerve! What courage! My faith! it is no wonder that you love her. Thank Heaven you have rescued her from the clutches of Mother Grimo, Barbe Rousseau, Le Scorpion, and all! Fiends! I defy them to take her from my house."

"But if Blanche is really the niece of Mother Grimo?"

"She is not!" thundered the excited old physician. "You know I have seen the girl—you pointed her out to me. No mortal with that face can have any kindred with those wretches, 'the snake-charmers.' Bah! Besides, if any of that tribe learn that I—I, who smashed up their infamous band—claim the girl as my daughter, they will not dare dispute my claim. Of course she is not my daughter. What are you staring at? I do not mean that she is my daughter; but if I advance such a claim, with the girl in my house, how is the tribe of Barbe Rousseau, or anyone else to dispute it?"

"In the courts."

"In the courts! and do you imagine the tribe of Barbe Rousseau dare go to law with me? They dread the courts as good men dread Satan. You are drawing a very long face, my son. Do you feel sick because you have rescued a beautiful and innocent girl?"

cent girl from an abominable association? The girl whom you love."

"No—but what if that which I suspect be true? What if Blanche be the daughter of Henri La Mothier, Count d'Aucré?"

"Eh? What if she be?"

"We must lay the matter before La Mothier."

"Of course; and if he claims her as his daughter, you may be very sure that those wretches, 'the snake charmers' will not dare show their heads. La Mothier will exterminate them. My faith! I intend to exterminate them myself. They are outlaws, every one of them, except that infamous Esaré Hassebrik, and he is a puff—a nobody—a coward."

"It is not any of the tribe of Barbe Rousseau that I fear," said the artisan, sadly, as he lay at full length upon the sofa, the old physician standing over him, and the footman Antoine standing apart.

"What is it, then, that you fear, George?"

"I fear La Mothier."

"Oh! you fear La Mothier."

"If Blanche is proved to be his lost child. Do you imagine he—so great a man—a count and a general, a man of millions—do you for an instant imagine he could consent to permit his only child to wed me?"

"Oh, and why not? What are you? Come, what are you?"

"Simply George Herbert, a designer and—a locksmith—a kind of jack-of-all-trades," replied the artisan, bitterly.

"See now," exclaimed the old physician. "You are a man; what more in that light is Henri La Mothier? Oh, true, he is a very rich man. But you are my adopted son, and perhaps I have millions also. He is of the ancient nobility—that is descended from the old feudal robbers who used to trample upon the rights of the people. Perhaps you are also. Who knows? You don't. You cannot say who nor what your parents were. An honest, intelligent, temperate, industrious, ambitious young man is a fair match for any of the best of nobility."

"Do you imagine Henri La Mothier would give his daughter to a man who carries this on his shoulder?" cried the artisan, tearing aside his shirt and revealing the infamous brand of the galley-slave. "Ha! that staggers you, Dr. Plauche."

In truth, the old physician was staggered, and sat down with bewildered air, staring at the artisan.

(To be continued.)

DR. T. E. THORPE, of Owens College, has made a series of analyses of the water of the Irish Sea. Its ingredients vary somewhat with the season. The water examined was collected at a light-ship seven miles off the Isle of Man, and 1,000 grains yielded a little over twenty-six grains of pure salt.

DR. PLACE, at the University of Leyden, has made an elaborate investigation with regard to the rate of transmission of nerve force along the motor nerves in man. He found it impossible to ascertain the precise moment at which the contraction of a muscle begins, so that his results can only be regarded as close approximations. He determined the rate of transmission along the motor nerves to be fifty-three metres per second.

POSTAGE REDUCTION.—With reference to the announcements made by Mr. Lowe, an official communication has been received from the Post-office, stating the intention of the authorities with respect to the use of the halfpenny stamp. It is to be paid upon each newspaper not exceeding six ounces in weight, and will not carry a packet of newspapers under that weight. It will, however, be permissible to transmit newspapers in packets, under the arrangements of the book-post, at the rate of one halfpenny for every two ounces, whenever such a course would be more economical.

A "DAY'S WORK."—A novel case has occurred in the Glasgow Small Debt Court, in which the number of hours necessary to constitute a "day's work" was the point in dispute. The employer contended that the workman having commenced the work at mid-day and stopped at six o'clock, he was bound to work the next day till mid-day before he could claim the day's work. The sheriff, however, repelled this plea on the ground that the man having been allowed to commence at mid-day, had worked till the closing hour, and thus completed his day's work.

LADY STUDENTS.—It appears that a Miss Edith Peachey has obtained so high a place in Professor Crum-Brown's class examination in chemistry as to become entitled to a Hope Scholarship, which would give the possessor the right of working with the male students in the laboratory for a certain number of months. That a young lady should have obtained so good a knowledge of chemistry is exceedingly creditable to her talents and industry; but, unfortunately, it does not make it more desirable that in the same university students of the two sexes should be thrown constantly into each other's

society. The Professor, therefore, refuses to give the lady the scholarship, on the ground that she was not taught in the same class as the male competitors, and she naturally complains of the injustice shown her. The matter is referred to the Señor. But the whole thing shows what will be the inevitable result of teaching young men and young women medical science under the same roof. There will be a continuance of squabbles, which must ruin the university as a medical school, or which will terminate in a repeal of the law which admitted—can we say any longer?—the softer sex.

#### MR. J. NORMAN LOCKYER ON THE SUN.

On Saturday, the 19th ultimo, Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., delivered his fourth and closing lecture at the Royal Institution, on "The Sun." In the course of the lecture he observed that when the flame of a common candle is examined in the same way that the sun is observed with a spectroscope, it is found that when the flame is in any way disturbed, gases of different kinds are thrown out from its interior towards its exterior. In like manner, when from any cause disturbances are set up in the sun, there are storms or luminous outbursts of iron, magnesium, barium, and other vapours. It is evident, therefore, that there are layers underneath the external envelope of the sun, portions of which layers become visible to us whenever there is the least disturbance. Spots being depressions in the external envelope of the sun, it follows that an examination of the solar spots brings the astronomer nearer the centre of the sun than does the observation of any other part of the orb.

On examining the spots with a spectroscope, a general absorption of the rays of all parts of the solar spectrum is seen, as well as a selective absorption, the latter being especially noticeable in the sodium lines, and the greater the pressure of the sun's atmosphere, the thicker are these absorption lines. In order to prove that increase of pressure, without variation of temperature, broadens the absorption lines, Mr. Lockyer threw upon the screen a continuous rainbow-like spectrum of the electric light, the dispersion being produced by means of two hollow glass prisms filled with bisulphide of carbon. Just outside the slit of the electric lantern the light was made to pass through a glass tube filled with attenuated hydrogen gas; the tube contained also a lump of metallic sodium. Heat was applied to the bottom of the tube, so as to gradually vapourise the sodium, and the vapour was at first, of course, densest near the bottom of the tube, rather than at the top. The vapour intercepted none of the rays of the spectrum except a portion of the yellow, consequently a dark band was cut in the yellow part of the spectrum upon the screen, but this band was thickest where the light had previously passed through the denser portions of the sodium vapour. The appearance of the tapering dark line consequently proved that where the pressure of the sodium was densest, it broadened the dark line in the yellow of the spectrum. Thus, the broader the sodium absorption lines produced by a sun spot, the greater is the pressure and quantity of the sodium atmosphere over that spot. There are now many large spots on the solar disc, and it is a very curious fact that they give scarcely any absorption in the yellow part of the spectrum, showing thereby that the spots are not alike at all times.

There are, in the ordinary solar spectrum, bright lines as well as dark ones, and he thought that these would be found to be the most unchangeable lines in it, for the dark ones are constantly varying. The yellow line so often seen in the spectrum of the solar prominences, was once surmised to be a line belonging to hydrogen gas when the gas became luminous under certain very unusual conditions, but after many experiments with hydrogen, tried by Dr. Frankland and himself for more than a year, they were unable to make the luminous gas produce any such line. It was only on the previous Saturday that, while he (Mr. Lockyer) was examining the spectrum of a solar prominence, he saw the bright hydrogen lines of the prominence disappear almost entirely, while the yellow line retained its full luminosity and length. It would appear, therefore, to be certain that it is not a hydrogen line; neither is it a sodium line, for it does not fall at the right part of the yellow of the spectrum. Probably this perplexing line is due to some new substance common in the sun, but not yet known upon earth.

A very valuable paper on solar physics, one communicated to the Royal Society by Messrs. Balfour Stewart, De la Rue, and Loewe, set forth that the photosphere of the sun might be considered to be a plane of condensation, and any changes in the pressure of the plane of condensation will cause very considerable changes to take place in the spectra observed. For example, when the pressure of the plane of condensation of a common candle flame is reduced by the aid of the air-pump, a halo

of blue light begins to spread outside the flame as the pressure is diminished, and at last the candle flame will give the spectrum of nearly pure carbon. The F line of hydrogen varies very much when the pressure is reduced, so that this line is a very delicate indicator of the pressure of the atmosphere of the sun. Light is composed of waves varying in length, so that when a prominence breaks out upon the sun, and in the direction of the eye of the observer, more waves are thrown into the eye a second time; if, on the other hand, the prominence be receding with a velocity at all comparable to that of light, the waves will be lengthened out, and a smaller number will enter the eye in a second. This variation in wave-length caused by the rapid motion of solar flames produces zig-zag and irregular lines in the spectrum, and by measurement of the deflection of the bright lines from their normal position, the velocity of motion of portions of the solar prominences may within certain limits be determined. The flames often rise or recede with a velocity of from 50 to 100 miles per second, which, considering the size of the sun, is not a very excessive rate of motion.

It seems as if the chromosphere is the outer limit of the sun, for very little absorption takes place outside it, and there is evidence that the absorbing atmosphere of the sun and the photosphere begin together. As to what is below the photosphere, spectrum analysis gives no information whatever, and he thought that in a sun-spot astronomer never gets below the photosphere; he considered the spots to be purely surface phenomena. The photosphere may be gaseous, cloudy, or even liquid, but certainly it is not solid. He did not know the origin of the continuous spectrum of the sun; a continuous spectrum may be thrown by dense luminous gases, as well as by white-hot solids; but it is consoling to be aware that it is equally known whether the continuous spectrum of a candle flame is due to solid, liquid, or gaseous matter. He would close his lecture with a few general remarks about the nature of the sun. The sun, after all, is nothing but the nearest star; it is also a variable star, for the spots upon it, as proved by observations extending over the last 50 years, are very plentiful at some periods, and very scarce at other periods; the interval between two maximum periods, or two minimum periods, is about 11 years. We are now in a maximum period.

There is also some connection between the spots on the sun and the sun's family of planets, for the positions of the planets, more especially of Mercury and Venus, have an influence upon the area of the spots on the sun. The sun cannot be a ball of fire, for if it were it would burn itself out in a ridiculously short space of time, and there is reason to suppose that it is a hot globe now slowly cooling. If we accept the hypothesis of Laplace, that the sun was formed originally by the condensation of a tremendous nebula, it is not difficult to imagine that it is now slowly cooling; and as it had an enormous initial temperature to start with, the cooling will go on through untold ages, until at last, having absorbed all its surrounding planets into its mass, it will in the end roll through space a cold dark ball. Afterwards, perhaps, it may clash against another dark ball like itself, and the force of the blow may be proved by calculation to be sufficient to generate light and heat, a new sun, and other worlds.

THE Swedenborgians, English and American, have raised upwards of 3,000£ towards photolithographing Swedenborg's manuscripts, preserved in the library of the Academy of Sciences, Stockholm.

THE GOLDEN ORIOLE.—A large number of these fine-plumaged birds have immigrated to the Scilly Isles during the last few days, in the most brilliant adult plumage. A large flock, estimated at forty, were flushed in a large thick covert at Trevethoe, near Hayle, and out of another flock of eight five were obtained.

THEIR has just died at the Hull borough asylum a person, named Christopher Hardy, who has been there for upwards of forty years. He was an inmate of the old Charity Hall, and during his lifetime has cost the borough upwards of 4,000£.

SINCE 1835 the number of lunatics in France has increased from 4.96 per cent. of the population to 24.28 per cent. M. Lunier, the Inspector-General of Lunatics, is of opinion that a considerable proportion of this increase is due to the abuse of spirituous liquors.

ROCK SALT IN PRUSSIA.—In Sperenberg, near Berlin, borings for rock salt have been carried on for the last two years. In February, a depth of 2,725ft. had been reached, and the thickness of the salt bed explored to 2,439ft.

THE widow of Major Codd, many years an inhabitant of Kensington, recently completed her hundredth year, having been born on the 12th of April, 1770. Mrs. Codd is still hale, and in full possession and exercise of all her faculties.



## STONIO.

## CHAPTER XXX.

The death of their steersman created great confusion among the pursuers for a few moments, but now desire for vengeance was added to desire for the rewards offered for the capture of the outlawed stone-cutter.

The second harbour-guard took the place of the dead man, and grasping the tiller, soon had the boat in the wake of the fugitives.

"Ah, give me a wizard's weapon, if they are all like that," said Sanlez. "Would we had a score of them."

"I have another," said Stonio, as he swayed to and fro at his oars.

Something in the manner in which he spoke alarmed the quick-eared Carlos.

The old man, who seemed to have forgotten his own wound, gazed at him earnestly, then at the banks of fog, and then at the pursuers.

"My son?"

"Well, Carlos."

"When had you food last?"

"Yesterday at noon, Carlos."

Carlos groaned.

"And sleep, my son?"

"Night before last, Carlos."

This reply came from teeth hard set, lips and features rigid, pale as death, except a deep red spot on each cheek, down which the perspiration was streaming.

Carlos groaned again, and looked towards Sanlez. Sanlez, watching for that glance, expected to hear again the fatal words, "It is time, Sanlez." But Stonio spoke again:

"Fear not, Carlos. I shall hold out. It was not of myself I was thinking. It was of Pietro."

"Of Pietro?"

"Yes. I can no longer see that brave old head of snow. He has sunk. He is dead."

Carlos turned and gazed on the water astern. Nothing could be seen of Pietro.

Another cloud of smoke from the distant quay, and soon after a roar over their heads, a splash far in advance, and then the boom of the spiteful field-piece.

Those on the quay risked the chance of striking the pursuing instead of the fugitive boat, both now so near together as to appear but one at that distance from the quay.

"I can see nothing of Pietro," said Carlos, calmly. "It may be that he is no longer swimming, but is floating on his back, with nothing but his

## [THE SANCTUARY.]

face above water. My son, they are gaining on us fast. Sanlez, Pietro has shown us our duty."

"I am ready!" replied Sanlez, again preparing to leap into the river.

"Wait," said Stonio. "I have another pistol.

They have not rectified their mistake. They have feared to lose time in changing some of their starboard oarsmen to the larboard, or they have not thought of it. The man at the tiller has yet to port his helm to keep straight wake. Take the pistol from my bosom, Lady Hilda, and give it to Carlos, for I dare not slack my stroke even for an instant now."

Lady Hilda complied, a deep blush reddening her fair face as she thrust her hand into the young man's bosom. The soft hand was there but for a moment, yet she felt the fierce and rapid throbbing of his heart, as he swayed to and fro, hurling all his strength into his oars.

"Not that!" said Stonio, as she drew forth a pistol in general use at that day—the one the stone-cutter had grasped as he gazed from the platform of the astronomer down at Prince Enrique, with gleaming, threatening eyes, in the observatory. "That is my own. It will not reach our pursuers; yet try it, Carlos."

"No, my son. I know it will not reach. Keep it for close fight, if it must come to that. What have you there, Sanlez?"

"The pistols of Pietro. Before he sprang into the water he placed them carefully upon his seat."

"Noble heart!" cried Stonio. "He was thoughtful of our need even as he left us. Ah, you have it now, Lady Hilda!" he added, as the countess drew from his bosom the companion of the pistol which had been used with such effect.

"What are you doing, Sanlez?" asked Carlos, as he received the pistol from Lady Hilda.

"I am placing my pistols with those of Pietro, my friend, since you may need them after I have followed him. The fog is evidently retreating from us."

With this calmness Sanlez contemplated a fate which seemed inevitable.

Carlos again took deliberate aim at the man at the tiller.

This time the steersman did not jeer nor mock nor grin. That is, he did not grin in derision, but with terror. He saw that the weapon aimed at him was exactly like that which had slain his comrade. He seized a loose board from the floor of the boat and interposed it as a shield.

The board was wide and long. It completely covered his person. Carlos was baffled. He could not see more of the man he wished to kill than the

tip of his finger holding the board erect. He could not see whether the board was thick or thin. If thick, it was not probable the ball would pierce it. If thin, the ball would still be at shot at random, or striking the board be turned from its aim.

Meanwhile the pursuing boat was coming on like an arrow, one of the men in the bow calling out from time to time, to guide the man at the tiller, who, being behind the board, could not see ahead, "port," or "starboard," as was necessary.

Carlos quivered with rage. He did not dare fire, lest his shot should be thrown away, and this was the only pistol of the astronomer left undischarged.

Nor had he any charge suitable for it!

"At least I can kill the bow oarsman," he said, angrily.

It was a rare thing with Carlos to be angry, but he was angry now as he saw the pursuing boat sweeping nearer and nearer at every stroke; soon to be so near that the two men in the bow could shoot him and his companions with their dragoon pistols.

"Keep your aim on the board," said Stonio, calmly. "Sanlez, when I say fire, discharge one of the pistols you have."

"Oh, I understand!" said Carlos, smiling grimly, while his arm, as rigid as an iron bar, held the astronomer's pistol levelled at the steersman's shield.

"Sanlez?"

"Aye, captain."

"Fire!"

A heavy bang, with a great deal of smoke and noise, and no harm done.

Sanlez had fired one of his wide-mouthed pistols. But instantly after the man behind the board moved it aside and showed his head to yell derisively. "Poor fool! he thought Carlos had fired and missed.

Crack! sharp and keen again, and very little smoke, but somebody hurt!

The man at the tiller fell dead upon his face. Carlos, quick of aim as lightning, and as rapid, had shot him exactly between the eyes!

Again the boat of the pursuers yawed broadly, and the boat of the fugitives shot ahead, gaining many fathoms.

"Ah, we learnt that trick in fighting the Indians," said old Sanlez, after a shout of triumph.

"Yes, and forgot it," replied old Carlos. "The captain had not forgotten. Thank Heaven! here comes the fog like an avalanche!"

"Oh, then it is not time yet," exclaimed Sanlez, drawing a deep breath of relief.

The immense masses of fog and mist, which had

been beaten up stream so long by the wind and rain, were now sweeping down the river, and ere the pursuing boat could arrive within pistol shot both boats were enveloped in a fog so dense that each lost sight of the other.

Carlos changed the course of his boat abruptly the instant he lost sight of the other, and then said, guardedly :

"Ours my son. You may rest."

"In good time," replied Stonio, ceasing to row, and yet keeping his oars ready for instant use.

"Now, not a word."

All remained perfectly silent. The fog was so dense that they could not see a boat's length around them.

In a few moments they heard the regular stroke of oars, and then men's voices. Lady Hilda trembled. It was plain that their pursuers had no intention of giving up the chase. There was great danger, too, that they might stumble upon them.

But the boat passed on unseen, and in a few moments only the dull regular stroke of the oarsmen could be heard, each moment growing more indistinct.

"Ah, they will soon be gone," said Sanlez, in a hoarse whisper.

"Let us pray that we may see them no more," remarked Carlos.

"And now what are we to do?" asked Stonio. "I do not ask how it is that you are in Portugal, Carlos—we may have time to speak of that afterwards. But what are we to do now?"

All this in a deep whisper, the fog so dense that Carlos in the stern could hardly distinguish the form of Sanlez in the bow.

"My aim, my son, was to reach the ruined monastery."

"The ruined monastery? I know nothing of it."

"True. Why should you know anything of the vicinity of Lisbon, or of Lisbon itself. The ruined monastery is ten miles above the city, on the opposite side of the river from the quay we left. Let us wait a little while longer, that our enemies may become lost to us, and completely bewildered. Then we will go on."

"We may run against them, or they against us, in this fog."

"We must take that risk. We take it even in not moving."

"There is neither north, south, east, nor west to us in this fog. We can see nothing, Carlos."

"I know the bearings between the quay we left and the ruined monastery, my son. Here I have a pocket compass."

"Ah, that used to serve us in the forest."

"Yes, and will serve us here, my son—"

"Hark!" said Stonio.

"I hear nothing," said Carlos.

"Nor I," echoed Sanlez.

"I do. The sound of oars."

"Oh, perhaps those fellows paused a while for breath, and have moved on again. I hear nothing, however, and my ears are as good now as they were forty years ago."

"Silence! Your ears are not mine. Wait! You will hear in a moment."

A deep silence followed; all listening intently.

"Ah!" said Carlos and Sanlez, after a time, and as if with one breath. "I hear!"

"The sound of oars?" continued Carlos.

"Yes. Our enemies have turned about, and are coming back."

Lady Hilda, less experienced in peril than her three companions, trembled as she listened, hearing the regular, measured thud of eight skilled oars in their rowlocks, each instant more and more distinct.

Confused by the fog, she could not fix the steadily increasing sound. Now it seemed to her to be on the right, now on the left, now ahead, and now astern, but always nearer and nearer.

"Ah, they must have discovered that they had passed us," she thought, though she dared not speak.

She glanced fearfully at her three companions. Each one held his forefinger upon his lips, as a caution to each. Their eyes were fixed vacantly upon the fog, each man staring in different directions. But Lady Hilda knew they were not using their eyes. A blind man could have seen almost as well as they in that dense mist, which enveloped everything near the surface of the water like a shroud. They were using their ears. They were trying to decide three important questions.

"Will they pass us on our right?

"Will they pass us on our left?"

"Will they run fully into us?"

"Very near now," thought Lady Hilda, turning her foot to the right, for the approaching sound had become so distinct as to leave no doubt as to the quarter whence it was coming—so near, that she heard more than the heavy rapid thud-thud of the springing oars.

Now she could hear the swash and splash of the oar blades as they struck and left the water; now

the deep, guttural "oughf!" of the eight wearied oarsmen as they threw themselves back on their stroke; now the ripple and gurgle of the water past the swift-driven bows.

"Oughf! thud-thud! swash! Ha! Oughf! thud-thud! swash!" And hearing all this so near, Lady Hilda clasped her hand in speechless, breathless terror, expecting each instant to see the powerful, brazen-bowed barge leap out from the dark gray fog, and go crashing into and over her three motionless companions.

Suddenly and like lightning, but as noiselessly as the fall of two snow flakes, the blades of Stonio's oars dip deep into the water, his powerful wrists move but once and slightly, and the boat of the fugitives glides three fathoms under that single magnificent stroke—Stonio not even lifting the oar blades from the water, least ears as keen as his might hear the dripping of water from them.

Carlos smiled and nodded, as much as to say:

"Eight, my son! You have not fought the cunning savages of the great lakes to be run down by burly, puffing oarsmen of the Tagus! Those fellows think they are making no noise because they are not chattering like monkeys!"

A moment more, and Lady Hilda dared to draw a long breath freely, for she knew the barge had passed them, and evidently so near the spot they had just quitted, that had Stonio not made that strong, skillful twist of his wrist, those in the barge must have seen their wretched prey.

But scarcely had Lady Hilda begun to breathe freely, when the fog which enveloped them was swept away as if by magic, as if instantly lifted in a mass by an unseen and mocking power, and a fierce gust of wind roared over and around them like the blast of a hurricane.

The wind lasted but for a moment, a single mighty puff, and was gone, sweeping the banks of fog into dense masses far up the broad bosom of the Tagus; yet it had made the best of the fugitives spin around like a top in its fierce whirlwind, and swept from them and their pursuers the veil of mist which had hidden them from each other.

There they were, in plain view, not a hundred yards apart! The barge, too, had been whirled and spun around by the whirlwind, and its crew was in some confusion for a moment; but perceiving their prey so near them, the oarsmen set up a great shout, and again the unequal race began.

Again the stone-cutter bent to his unwelcome task, as resolutely as ever, but the brow of Carlos grew dark, and the bronzed face of Sanlez grew pale.

"Art praying, Sanlez?"

"Aye, Carlos—for my soul."

"It must not be, good Sanlez!" gasped Stonio from his set teeth. "My life is not worth the life of three men. Pietro is gone. It is enough. Courage! I am strong yet—my arms are like iron. We may again reach the shelter of the fog. They gain but little."

"But they gain, my son: Every inch counts in this race. Our oath to your noble father binds us to give our lives for yours," replied Sanlez, drawing a formidable knife, and placing the blade between his teeth.

"Aye, my son," said Carlos. "We are old and ripe—aye, near decayed. Perhaps Heaven has spared our lives so long only that we might save yours at last. You are young and life is sweet to the young. Think too, my son, this lady, so fair and pure, whom you love, has entrusted her safety to you. Aye, she is a stranger to me, but I knew her father, the noble Montredores, the friend of your father, my son. Ye are lovers: Heaven knows how it came about so suddenly that the son of your father and the daughter of Montredores should be lovers: but I see it is so and it is well. It should be so."

"Oh, if I may save his life by leaping from this boat! I will! I will!" exclaimed Lady Hilda.

"And is not life sweet to you, my daughter?" asked old Carlos, ignoring her rank and his lowliness, as age ever has a right to do in addressing the young.

"Not if he dies, my father," replied Lady Hilda. "Not if I become the wife of the man the king commands me to wed. Death a thousand times, rather!"

"Then live for him for whom I die!" cried Sanlez, who had left the bow to stand near Carlos in the stern; and Sanlez, with that long, broad knife between his teeth, leaped boldly into the Tagus, as if eager to meet death.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

As the reader may suppose, Sanlez was not of a temperament to throw away his life even for Stonio without an effort to do injury to his foes.

He knew very well that the pursuing boat, leap as he might into the water, would pass him before he could swim beyond pistol shot, and the many shots fired at Pietro in the same situation had warned him to expect the same.

He knew too that the barge would not be swerved from a direct course a single inch to avoid running

him down with its sharp brazen bow, for the oarsmen were nearly exhausted by this furious race, which had now lasted nearly two hours, during which they had exerted all their strength.

To run him down, to crush in his skull with the brazen bow, would be simply a delight to them.

The long rest his muscles had had since he paused in his rowing from sheer exhaustion, had restored the strength and elasticity of his toughened sinews, and as he plunged headlong into the Tagus he struck out powerfully and steadily, though slowly, as a man saving his strength for some greatfeat, to meet the barge.

It was rushing on like a shark in pursuit of its prey, swift and merciless. One of the two men who had been in the bow when the second man was shot dead by Carlos was now at the tiller, and the other still in the bow, in the bow with his cocked pistols in his hands, ready to shoot down the stone-cutter, whose skill and strength at the oar had so baffled their pursuit.

"They are lightening their boat," called out the man at the tiller, as he saw Sanlez leap into the river. "They will gain on us again by that trick! Bend to it stoutly, my lad, for that cursed fog seems to be no longer retreating. This is two that have leaped into the river, and three remain. One is Lady Hilda; the old white-haired fellow at the tiller I do not know, but the other is the man we want."

"Aye, dead or alive, so we get him!" cried the man in the bow, brandishing his pistols. "So ran the reward—dead or alive; and I shall soon be near enough to put an end to his rowing."

"Ha, lad!" roared one of the oarsmen, "there are no harbour-guards with us now, remember that?"

"Good!" cried another. "The countess was not in the carriage when we smashed it, but she is there alad, eh?"

"Hoo!" yelled a third, as he tugged at his oar. "It is better to have her here, lad. No doubt she has the Montredores bracelet with her!"

"Hi! hi! hoo!" chorused all the others, now sure of their booty, and flinging their burly frames fiercely upon their bending, broad-bladed oars in an ecstasy of fiendish delight.

"We'll have the stone-cutter, dead or alive!"

"Hi, hi! and the rewards!"

"Hoo! heh! screech, screech! and the Montredores jewels!"

"Hi! hi! We'll draw lots or fight on that!" roared one of the ruffians.

All this and much more leaped from ribald lip to callous ear far more rapidly than my pen set down what I have quoted, and then the fellow at the bow yelled out:

"Here's the fellow that leaped from the boat—right in our course!"

Yes; there not five fathoms ahead now, floats the snow-white head of old Sanlez, as a while ago we saw the head of brave old Pietro floating, and the barge rushing on.

The old man appears exhausted; his arms seem to strike out slowly and feebly, as if the very last of his strength was going out at each weary, heavy stroke. His knife is between his teeth, but shreds of sea-weed and river grass are around the blade, hiding its shape, sheen and glitter.

The man in the bow does not know that it is a knife—would not care did he know, for what danger is there to fear from this drowning old white-haired man in the water?

"We shall run him down! We shall be over him in a second! I wish I had a club to give him a rap. Ha! I'll tap his head with a ball, just for the fun of it."

The ruffian levels his pistol steadily at the broad bronzed forehead, right under its dripping crown of snow-white hair, not two fathoms distant, and fires!

Lady Hilda screams, for she has seen it all—the boats are not twenty fathoms apart now—and screams again as the white hair sinks from sight beneath the water.

"Poor Sanlez! noble heart!" groans Stonio.

"Thou hast perished for nought."

"Heaven receive thy soul, brother Sanlez! It will be my turn next!" muttered old Carlos. "It is my time now."

"Ah!" cries Stonio, and he ceases to row instantly.

"Not dead! Not dead, but killing!" cries Lady Hilda; for, vanishing beneath the water but for a moment, Sanlez has shot up from the Tagus as it were, until down to his hips he is out of the water, right under the bows of the barge. In an instant his hands are grasping the gunwale! in another, and he is in the bow! another, and his knife has entered the heart of the affrighted, bewildered, gaping wretch who shot at him. He turns, he leaps, he strikes right and left with the swiftness and fierceness of a cataract! Now the bow oarsman is dead, stabbed through the neck, as he turns to see who had leaped into the bows like a water-wolf. And now

the next oarsman is dead, stabbed as he rises and turns, all too late to shun the knife of one whose veins and muscles seem filled with living lightning, and not with the blood of man. The third oarsman strikes a furious blow with his dagger, snatched from his belt, and Sanlez, catching the wrist of the hand that holds the dagger, replies with a fearful straightforward thrust that sinks the long broad-bladed knife to the very hilt in the villain's *le*, severs the great artery like a thread, and hurls him, dying and shrieking, upon the fourth oarsman, who is poised his heavy oar for a downright blow at the old man's head. And now the fourth oarsman loses his balance and goes toppling and scrambling backwards upon his comrades behind him, amidships, and aft, until after what with struggling and scrambling and striking in blind terror the barge is capsized, and then seven men are struggling to keep afloat in the water—one of them brave old Sanlez, without a wound save one great gash that has opened his forehead from hair to eyebrow, and so streaked his heavy locks with the fearful redness of blood.

"Brave heart! He has saved you, my son!" cries Carlos.

"And now let us save him," replies Stonio, pulling on one oar, and backing water with the other.

"Aye, he has saved all three of us! Noble Sanlez!"

"Heaven bless brave old Sanlez!" murmured Lady Hilda, clasping her fair hands in an ecstasy of delight, for she had heard the fierce and ribald cries of the ruffians, as they gloated over their expected possession of her.

But now a rush and a roar, and the whirlwind with the fog is on them again.

They can see nothing. It is almost as if it were night, only the darkness is not black, but gray and moist.

They had not expected this. The banks of fog had seemed afar off when brave Sanlez leaped into the river, too far to be reached ere the barge should be upon them. But wind travels fast, and a whirlwind like a cannon-ball drives all before it.

Their boat spins around for a moment, and they throw themselves flat upon its floor, fearing they too are about to be overturned. But the whirlwind is gone ere one can count a hundred, leaving the fog behind, enveloping them like a snow-drift; though less dense, yet almost as impenetrable to sight of anything very near.

There are shouts and cries and fierce oaths over there on the left, with splashing of water, and groans, and Lady Hilda shudders, unable to see aught but the dense gray mist, yet knowing that men are struggling for dear life.

Stonio is about to urge the boat into the midst of this Babel of sounds, when old Carlos whispered hoarsely and warningly:

"The lady! My son, remember the lady!"

"But Sanlez!"

"Heaven is with him, or he had not done this great deed," and Carlos draws a pistol from his breast and cocks it. "Be ready, my son! Some may swim this way and attack the boat."

There are three pistols undischarged near Stonio, and he has another in his bosom.

Three black heads, three savage faces, from three different points, emerge from the gloom, all near and aiming for the boat. They appear so suddenly that they seem to have risen straight up from the bottom of the Tagus, as three sea monsters might rise from the waves, and then Carlos sees that the violence of the whirlwind had swept his boat down stream towards the verge, so that he is right where it capsized.

Carlos fires at one of these heads as quick as light, and the head goes down instantly beneath the water with a shriek, and a horrible upturning of the yeo.

Stonio fires on the left, and another head sinks.

But the third head is the head of a gigantic Moorish thief, who swims as swift as a sword-fish, hand over hand, so rapidly that his great arms look like the spokes of a wheel, of which his head is the nave, with his red and flaming eyes all ablaze with desperation.

Carlos snatches a second pistol from his bosom and fires at this great head, which looks like the head of a lion as he springs on his prey, and the treacherous pistol snaps.

Stonio grasps at the three pistols left by Sanlez, and in his haste strikes them from the sea into the water in the bottom of the boat.

Ha! The Moor has one hand on the gunwale of the boat as the pistols fall, and the other flies over as he partly raises himself from the water and grasps the robe of Lady Hilda, who shrieks and clings desperately to the other side of the boat, when Stonio hurls his clenched fists fiercely into the savage face.

But the ruffian clings to his grasp on Lady Hilda's robe, reckless of these sledge-like strokes, which are crashing in the bones of his face, when, sharp and clear, from ear to ear, severing jugular, wind-

pipe, and artery at a single sweep, flashes the ready knife of Carlos.

The brawny hand that grasps the robe of Lady Hilda, the fierce clutch on the gunwale relaxes, and the savage head, with its mangled face and gaping throat, goes down under the waters of the Tagus, the great hands wide spread and quivering with the death agony vanishing last of all.

"Oh!" cried Lady Hilda, staring wildly, and clinging yet to the gunwale, "I thought I was lost!"

"Saved, noble lady!" replies Carlos, calmly, as he leans over the boat's side and cleanses his hands and his recking knife, while Stonio stands erect and shouts:

"Sanlez! Sanlez! Sanlez!"

Three times he calls, in a voice like a trumpet recall on a field of battle, and then all are silent, listening.

No reply! The stillness is profound!

Where is the brave old Sanlez?

Where are the three ruffians?

Ah! What is this dark mass that drifts from the misty gloom, and floats into view of the three fugitives? The barge, bottom up, and a man clinging to the keel.

Ah, the man is dead, and his death-grip on the narrow keel seems as fierce as if he were alive.

The face of the dead man is pressed against the bottom of the barge, and there is a red deep wound in the back of his neck.

But this is not the body of brave old Sanlez; it is the body of the man who was at the tiller when Sanlez sprang into the barge like a fate.

Where is brave old Sanlez?

"Sanlez! Sanlez! Sanlez!"

Three times again; and again, for old Carlos is now calling.

No reply; and the barge with its fearful memento of the dread struggle drifts into gloom again, and is seen no more.

"He is dead! Brave old Sanlez is no more!" groans old Carlos, and sitting down he buries his wrinkled face in his wrinkled hands, and sobs like a child.

Like a child! Oh, no; like a noble old man who has lost a beloved brother to save whom he would have died a thousand times.

Childhood has no grief like the grief of the aged. The tears of youth come from the eyes; the tears of age come from the soul!

So noble old Carlos wept and sobbed and groaned, and Lady Hilda covered her fair face in her robe and wept for Carlos and Sanlez.

And Stonio, his handsome, majestic face pale as death, and his eyes fixed on vacancy, thought of the noble fidelity of the two that were lost, and the one that was left, his lips quivering, his features trembling, his eyes streaming.

"Poor Sanlez! Poor Pietro!"

The words fall from his lips heavily, like sobs, and he flashes his wet eyes about him.

Ha! Something visible there on the left, floating on the water! Barely visible through the mist, though not far off!

A twist of the oars and the boat is nearing it swiftly.

"Sanlez! It is Sanlez!" shouts Stonio and Carlos, all fire now, springs up, while Lady Hilda lifts her face from her robe and utters a cry of joy.

It is true. There is the snow-white head, reclining on the right arm, which is cast across four oars, which just serve and no more to keep that reverend head above the water.

The left arm too is cast across this raft of oars, and nothing of the face can be seen, for the long massy white hair, wet with water and blood, is spread over the features like a heavy network of silver streaked with scarlet and purple.

"It is the head and body of Sanlez! Is he dead?" says Stonio, stretching forth his hand tenderly, as the head comes within reach. He sweeps back the white hair from the face. He shouts with joy. The eyes of brave old Sanlez are open, and bright with the light of life, though the lids seem heavy and drooping, as if he had not life enough left to open them again should they be once closed, and Sanlez smiles feebly.

Stonio lifts the exhausted form from the water tenderly, Carlos and Lady Hilda aiding him; and now brave old Sanlez lies in the bottom of the boat, his head in Lady Hilda's lap.

"Art wounded, Sanlez?" asks Carlos, bending over him as a father bends over a sick child.

"My head—I think—it throbs—I was struck there—an oar blade."

"Nowhere else, Sanlez?"

"No—my head only."

"Then thou art not mortally hurt," cries Carlos, as he cleanses the wound, draws the gaping lips of it together, whipping a needle and thread through them with marvellous expertness—the needle and thread produced from his always-provided pouch at his belt, for he is a man of foresight and adventure and has oft found use for these housewifery things.

"A sharp blow, Sanlez, and a goodly scar thou wilt have; but no fracture, my lad. Thou hast done well, Sanlez de Roma."

"Thou hast saved us, noble man! Wert thou my father, proud should I be to be thy daughter!" murmurs Lady Hilda, as she presses her mouth gently upon the thin, pale, withered lips of the wounded old man.

"Thou hast ever been a father to me, brave and faithful heart!" cries Stonio, pressing his lips fervently upon the hand he held.

"Poor Pietro! Would he were here!" whispers Sanlez, as Carlos completes his bandaging of the wound.

"Let me sit up, noble lady. It is not fit that the son of a gardener should lay his head on the lap of a countess."

"Nay—in the bosom of a queen, if like thee, my father. There! I do not move again. Thou art too weak yet, my father."

Sanlez murmurs his thanks and pleasure, closes his eyes, and sleeps.

He did not tell them then of his deeds after the capsizing of the barge; how that he slew two more of the ruffians as they swam for life and struggled to right the barge; how he stabbed still another, and left him clinging, dying, to the keel; how the whirlwind scattered the others, and swept four oars within his grasp when he was just sinking to death; how he lost his knife in clutching at the oars; how he caught them and clung to them, nearly dead from his fierce struggling, how he had heard them shout his name, and how he tried in vain to shout in reply.

All this he told them afterwards, when he awoke from that sleep which had fallen on him like healing balm from heaven, as he rested his brave old head in the soft lap of the fair young countess whose life, and more, he had saved.

"And to your ears again, my son," said Carlos, as Sanlez slept. "Pull steadily and boldly, for we cannot be far from the ruined monastery, where I wish to land."

"You have friends there, Carlos?"

"Aye; I was there yesterday noon, with Sanlez and Poor Pietro. It is a ruin, though once a palace, for rich and powerful monks. That was years and years ago, before my father's father was born. It is a ruin now, and save a few apartments, in which dwell two who were once in the service of your father."

"Of my father?"

"Yes, my son. But the name of that father they will not tell to you, without my consent."

"As you will, Carlos, for your oath binds you."

"True, to keep your father's secret, and to die in serving you, my son."

Stonio pulled on lustily—not because he feared pursuit, though that was to be dreaded too, but because he would have shelter and food and dry garments, and repose for Lady Hilda, whose pallor alarmed him.

A steady heavy gust of wind came roaring down the Tagus, and swept away the fog from around them, rolling it back like a vast curtain towards the city they had just left, and leaving the view upstream all clear.

"There is the ruined monastery!" exclaimed Carlos, pointing at a great towering mass of ruins a mile or two distant.

"Ah, we shall soon be there," replied Stonio, gladly, and with a stroke like an untired man he bent again to his oars.

"The fog is our friend still," said Carlos. "It hangs like a curtain between us and the city. May it remain so until after we shall have landed."

But ere they landed, fog and mist was all about them again, and suddenly Carlos called out sharply:

"Ours! Here is the river wall of the monastery."

Stonio turned, and soon after the bow of the boat struck lightly against what had once been a lofty and imposing wall, now crumbled and dismantled by age and neglect.

"Pull along gently, my son," said Carlos. "The fog is very heavy. So much the better, for no spying eyes can see where we land. In truth, we do not land until we shall have passed through an archway. Ah, it is here. Steady!"

"Why, we are in total darkness!" said Stonio.

"True, because we are within a covered canal, which will carry us into the court-yard of the monastery. The canal ends in a small lake, once very grand, where the monks kept their pleasure barges. But for the fog we should see daylight ahead and astern."

Stonio pulled on slowly, the tips of his oars, now on one side and now on the other, grating against the wall of the archway; but in a few minutes light began to appear, and soon after the boat glided into a large pond, whose ruined outline was obscured by the dense mist.

But even as the boat entered this artificial lake a gust of wind roared amid the surrounding ruins,

lifted the fog, or rather swept it away and upward, and disclosed to the fugitives that the pond was in the centre of what had once been one a vast court-yard, acres in area, surrounded by high walls now fallen into decay.

(To be continued.)

## LEIGHTON HALL.

### CHAPTER XII.

Who knows the joys of friendship?  
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,  
The double joys, where each is glad of both?  
Friendship our only wealth, our last retreat and  
strength,

Secure against ill-fortune and the world. *Rowe.*  
WITH Edna's help her trunk was brought into the house and carried up the back stairs into a little room directly over the kitchen, where the bare floor and the meagre furniture struck cold and chill to Edna's heart, it was so different from anything she had ever known.

That room, looking out upon the grave-yard, was a palace compared to this cheerless apartment, and sitting down upon her trunk after Becky left her, she cried from sheer homesickness, and half resolved to take the next train back to—she did not know where. There was no place for her, no home, and in utter loneliness and despair she continued to cry until Becky came with a pitcher of warm water and some towels. She saw that Edna was crying, and half guessing the cause, said very kindly:

"I believe you're homesick, and 'tain't to be wondered at—this room; but I dæssent put you in no other without marster's orders. He serves 'em all this way, Miss Maude au' all, but now nothin's too good for her."

Edna did not ask who Miss Maude was, but she thanked Becky for her kindness, and after bathing her face and eyes, and brushing her hair, went down to the kitchen to wait with fear and trembling for the coming of the "marster."

Becky did not talk much that morning. She had "too many irons in the fire," she said, and so she brought Edna a book which she said Miss Maude had left there more than a year ago, and which might help to pass the time. It was "Monte Christo" which Edna had never read, and she received it thankfully, and glancing at the fly-leaf saw written there, "Maude Somerton, May 10th, 18—."

Becky's Miss Maude then was Maude Somerton, whom some wind of fortune had blown to Rocky Point, where she seemed to be an immense favourite; so much Edna concluded, and then she sat herself down to the book, and in following the golden fortunes of the hero she forgot the lapse of time until the tall clock struck two, and Becky, taking a blazing firebrand from the hearth, carried it into the north room, with the evident intention of kindling a fire.

"Marster always has one there at night," she said, "and when we has company we sets the table there."

And so in honour of Edna the table was laid in the south room, and Becky, who had quietly been studying the young girl and making up her mind in regard to her, ventured upon the extravagance of one of her finest cloths and the best white dishes instead of the blue set, and put on napkins and the silver-plated forks and butter-knife, and thought how nicely her table looked, and wished aloud that Mr. Overton would come before her meal strewed.

"It ought to be at the minit it's took out of the pot," she said; "and I waited till the last minit to give him time. I wish to goodness he'd come."

As if in answer to her wish there was the sound of some one at the gate, and looking from the window Becky joyfully announced that "marster had come."

Feeling intuitively that it would be better for Aunt Becky to announce her presence, Edna made some excuse for stealing away upstairs, where from the window she had her first view of Phil Overton as he rode into the yard.

He was a short, fat, stubby man, arrayed in a home-made suit of gray, with his trouser legs tucked in his boots, and his round, rosy face protected by lappets of sheepskin attached to his cap and tied under his chin.

Taken as a whole, and at that distance, there was nothing very prepossessing in his appearance, and nothing especially repulsive either; but Edna felt herself shaking from head to foot as she watched him dismounting from the old fat sorrel horse, who rubbed his nose against his master's arm, as if there was perfect sympathy between them.

Edna saw this action, and saw Phil Overton, too, as he gently stroked his brute friend, to whom he seemed to be talking, as he led him into the barn.

"He is kind to his horse, any way. Maybe he will be kind to me," Edna thought. And then she waited breathlessly until she heard the heavy boots,

first in the back-room, then in the kitchen, and then in the south-room, where Becky was giving a few last touches to the table.

The chamber-door was slightly ajar, and as Phil Overton's voice was loud, Edna heard him distinctly, as he said:

"Hallo, Beck, what's all this for?—silver butter-knife, and them three-cornered handkerchiefs and all. What's up? Who's come, Mist s?"

Becky's reply was inaudible, but Phil Overton's rejoinder was distinct and clear.

"Umph. A poor relation, hey, come to poorer than herself. Where is she? Where have you put her?"

"In the back chamber, in course, till I knew yer mind."

"All right. Now trot her out. I'm hungry as a hunder."

After overhearing this scrap of conversation it is not strange if Edna shrank from being "trotted out;" but, obedient to Aunt Becky's call, she went downstairs and into the south room, where, with his back to the fire, stood Phil Overton.

He did not look altogether delighted, and his little round, twinkling eyes were turned upon Edna with a curious rather than a pleased expression as she came slowly in. But when she stood before him, and he saw her face distinctly, Edna could not help feeling that a sudden change passed over him; his eyes put on a softer look, and his whole face seemed suddenly to light up as he took her offered hand.

"Becky tells me you are my relation—grand-niece, or grand-aunt, or grandmother. Maybe, you can explain what you are to me?"

He held her hand tightly in his own, and kept looking at her with an earnest, searching gaze, before which Edna dropped her eyes, as she replied:

"I can claim no nearer relationship than your grand niece. My mother was Lucy Fuller."

"Who married the person and died from starvation," Phil Overton rejoined.

"She married my father, sir, an Episcopal clergyman, and died when I was a few days old."

"Yes, yes, all the same," Phil Overton answered good humouredly. "I dare say she was half starved most of the time; ministers' wives mostly are. I take it you are of the Episcopal persuasion, too."

"I am."

And Edna spoke up as promptly as if she were her mother she was acknowledging.

"Yes, yes," Phil Overton said again, and here releasing Edna's hand, which he had been holding all the time. "Yes, yes, such is life, take it as you find it. Maude is an Episcopal, red hot. I like her; maybe I'll like you; can't tell. Yes, yes, sit down now, and have some dinner."

During this conversation, Becky, who had put the dinner upon the table, was standing in respectful silence, waiting until her master was ready, and trembling for the success of her culinary efforts. But her fears were groundless; the pie was a great success, and Phil Overton helped Edna bountifully, and ordered Becky to bring a bottle of cider from the cellar.

"Cider was good for digestion," he said, as he poured Edna a glass of the beverage, which sparkled and beaded like champagne.

On old Becky's face there was a look of great satisfaction as she saw her master's attentions to the young lady, and as soon as her duties were over at the table she stole up the back stairs to the little forlorn room where Edna's trunk was standing.

"I know I kin ventur so much," she said to herself, as she lifted the trunk and carried it into the next chamber, which had a pleasanter look-out, and was more pretentious every way than its small, dark neighbour.

This done, Becky retired into the kitchen until dinner was over, when her master coiled himself up in his huge arm chair and slept soundly, while Becky cleared the table and put the room to rights.

The short wintry afternoon was drawing to a close by the time Phil Overton's nap was over. He had slept heavily and snored loudly, and the last snore awoke him. Starting up, he exclaimed:

"What's that? Yes, yes, snored, did I? Shouldn't wonder if I got into a doze. Ho, you, Beck!"

His call was obeyed at once.

Becky signified her readiness to do anything her master liked, and after bringing a candle and adding fresh fuel to the fire, she departed, leaving Edna alone with Uncle Phil, who was wide awake now, and evidently disposed to talk.

"Now tell me all about it," he said suddenly facing towards Edna. "Tell me who you are in black for, and what sent you here, and what you want, and how you happened to know of me, when I never heard of you; but first, what is your name?"

"Edna Louise Browning was my name until I was married."

"Married! Thunder!" and springing from his chair, Uncle Phil took the candle and, bringing it close to Edna's face, scrutinized it closely. "You married? Why you're nothing but a child. Married! Where was your folks, to let you do such a silly thing? and where is he?"

"My husband is dead, was killed the very day we were married—killed in a railway accident—and I have no friends, unless you will be one to me," Edna replied, in a choking voice, which finally broke down in a storm of tears and sobs.

Uncle Phil did not like to see a woman cry, especially a young, pretty woman like the one before him, but he did not know at all what to say; going to the door which led into the kitchen, called out:

"Ho, Becky! come here—I want you."

But Becky was engaged in the outhouse, and did not hear him, so he returned to his seat by the fire; and as Edna's tears were dried by that time, he asked her to go on and tell him her story. Edna had determined to keep nothing back, and so she commenced with the house by the grave-yard, and the aunt, who perhaps meant to be kind, but who did not understand children, and made her life less happy than it might otherwise have been; then she passed on to her meeting with Charlie Churchill, and while telling of him and his friends, and where they lived, she thought once Uncle Phil was asleep, he sat so still, with his eyes shut, and one fat leg crossed over the other. But he was not asleep, and when she mentioned Leighton Place, he started up again and went out to Becky, who by this time was moving in the kitchen.

"I say, Beck," he whispered in her ear, move Edna's Box into the northwest chamber, d'ye hear?"

Becky did not tell him that she had already done that, but simply answered "Yes," while he returned to Edna, who, wholly unconscious of her promotion or the cause of it, continued her story, which, when she came to the marriage and the accident, was interrupted again with her tears, which fell in showers as she went over with the dreadful scene, the gloomy night, the terrible storm, the capsized carriage, and Charlie dead under the ruins. Phil Overton, too, was excited, and walked the room hurriedly, but made no comment, except his inevitable "Yes, yes," which he used indiscriminately. When she mentioned Mrs. Dana and her death, he stopped walking, and came back to his chair and stood:

"Poor Sue, if she'd had a different name, I believe I'd kept her for my own, though she wasn't over clever. Dead, you say, and left five young ones. Of course; the poorer they be the more they have. Poor little dears. I'll remember that. And John wanted to marry you? Yes, yes. You did better to come here; but where was that aunt, what d'ye call her? I don't remember that you told me her name."

"Aunt Letitia Pepper," Edna said, whereupon something dropped from Phil Overton's lips which sounded very much like "the —."

"What is it?" she asked, and he replied:

"I was swearin' a little. Such a name as that! Letitia Pepper! No wonder she was hard on you! Did you go back to her at all? and what did she say?"

Edna told him the particulars of her going back to Aunt Letitia and what the result had been. She intended to speak just as kindly and cautiously of Aunt Letitia as was possible, but it seemed as if some influence she could not resist was urging her on, and Uncle Philip was so much interested, and drew her out so adroitly that, though she softened everything and omitted many things, the old man, listening so intently, got a pretty general impression of Aunt Letitia Pepper, and guessed just how desolate must be the life of anyone who tried to live with her.

"Yes, yes, I see," he said, as Edna, frightened to think how much she had told, tried to apologise for Aunt Letitia, and take back some things she had said. "Yes, yes, never mind, never mind taking back. I can guess what kind of a firebrand she is. Knew just such a woman once, as near like her as two peas; might have been twins; plump, ain't this peppercorn?"

Edna did not quite like Uncle Philip's manner of speaking of her aunt, whom she began to defend as being in the main a very good woman, who was greatly respected, and possessed many excellent qualities.

"Don't doubt it in the least. Dare say she's a saint; great on the creed and the catechism. Yes, yes. And she is your aunt? Ho, Beck, come here; or stop, I'll speak to you in the kitchen," he said, as Becky came to the door.

The woman retreated to the kitchen fire-place, where Uncle Philip joined her, speaking again in a whisper, and saying:

"Look here, Beck. Take Edna's box, or what-

ever she brought her things in, and carry it into the north chamber."

"Maudie's room, sir?" Becky asked with glistening eyes.

"Yes, Maude's room," Uncle Philip replied, and then went back to Edna, who had but little more to tell, except of her resolve to come to him as the only person in the world who was likely to take her in, or on whom she had any claim of relationship.

"I don't want to be an encumbrance," she said. "I want to earn my own living, and at the same time be getting something with which to pay my debts. Mr. Belknap, who brought me from the station, thought I might get up a select school, and if I do, maybe you will let me board here. I should feel more at home with you than with strangers. Would you let me stay if I could get a school?"

There certainly was something the matter with Uncle Philip's eyes just then.

"The cold made them water," he said, as he wiped them on his coat-sleeves, and then looked down at the girl, who had taken a stool at his feet, and with her hands folded on her knee, looked anxiously up into his face as she asked if she might stay.

"I've got a bad cold. I've got to go out," he said, and rising precipitately he rushed into the kitchen, and again summoning old Becky, began with, "I say, Beck, make some cream-toast in the morning, all cream, girls mostly take to that, and then some boiled chicken for dinner."

Phil Overton seemed to think he might as well complete his list of orders while he was about it. Returning again to Edna, Phil Overton, without directly answering her questions as to whether she could stay there.

"And it's a hundred pounds you owe. Yes, yes, and you expect by teaching to earn enough to pay it, child; you never can do that, never."

"I'm not ashamed to do anything honourable so that it gives me money with which to pay the debt," Edna said, and her brown eyes were almost black with excitement as she walked hastily across the floor to the window, where she stood for a moment looking out into the darkness of the night and struggling to keep back the hot tears, as she began to fear that she had made a great mistake in coming to a man like Phil Overton.

He said:

"Look here, girl. Come back to the fire, and let's have it out."

Something in his voice gave Edna hope that after all he was not going to desert her, and she came back and stood with her eyes fixed on him, as he said:

"You spoke of Mr. Belknap. Did he inquire your name?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Did anybody inquire your name down to the station?"

"No, sir."

"Has Becky asked your name?"

"No, sir, but I think I told her; at least that it was Edna."

And again Phil Overton went into the kitchen, and casually said:

"Ho, Becky, what's this young girl's name?"

Becky thought a moment, and then replied:

"I don't jestingly remember, I'm so hard of hearin', but it sounded like it was Ellen, or something like Overton, maybe, seein' she's yer kin."

"Yes, yes, certainly; all right." And Phil Overton went back with a very satisfied look upon his face. "See here, Edna," he began. "Your name is Overton, Louise Overton. Do you understand?"

Edna looked at him, too much surprised to speak, and he continued:

"You are my niece, Miss Overton, Louise Overton, not Browning, nor Churchill, nor Pepper-pod, nor Edna, but Overton, Louise Overton. And so I shall introduce you."

Edna began, in part, to understand him now; at least she saw that he meant her to take another name than her own, and she rebelled against it at once.

"My name is not Overton," she said; and he interrupted her with:

"It's Louise, though, according to your own statement, Edna Louise."

"I admit that, but it is not Overton, and it would be wrong for me to take that name, and lose my identity."

"The very thing I want you to do," said Uncle Phil, "and here are my reasons or a part of them. I like you for various things. One, you seem to want to pay your debts, and that is right; then, I like you because you have had such a hard time with that Pepper woman. I don't blame you for running away; upon my soul, I don't. Some marry to get rid of a body, and some don't marry, and so get rid of 'em that way. You did the first and your husband got killed, and you got into debt yourself and seas of

trouble. And you are my great-niece. Yes, yes, and Lucy Fuller was your mother, and Louise Overton was your grandmother, and my twin sister. Do you hear that, my twin sister, that I loved as I did my life, and you must have been named for her, the Louise part of you, I mean, and there's a look like her in your face and that hair which you've got up under a net, but which I know by the kinks is curly, is hers all over again, colour and all, and just now when you walked to the window in a kind of huff, I could have sworn it was my sister come back again from the grave where we buried her more than thirty years ago. Yes, yes, you are a second Louise. I'm an old man of sixty, and never was married, and never shall be, and when Mrs. Dana was here years ago I thought of adopting her, but she took the first man that offered, and married Dana, a clever but shiftless fellow, and that ended her. There wasn't a great many of us, her grandfather and your grandmother, and for what I know you are all the kin I have, and I fancy you more than any I've seen, unless it's Maude, and she's no kin, which makes a difference. I've a mind to adopt you, to give you my name, Overton, and if you do well and get that debt paid up, I'll remember you in my will. Mind, I don't propose to pay your debts. Yes, yes, I want to see you do it, but I'll give you a home and help you get scholars."

Uncle Phil's eyes twinkled a little as he said this last, and looked to see what effect it had on Edna. But she never winced or showed the slightest emotion, and he continued:

"Nobody knows that you are a Browning, or a Churchill, or a widow, and it's better they shouldn't. I saw the account of that accident in the newspaper, but never guessed the girl was my Louise's grandchild. Folks round here read it, too; the papers were full of it. Charlie Churchill, he's pretty well known hereabouts."

"Charlie, my Charlie, my husband! was he ever here, and did you know him?" Edna asked, vehemently, and Uncle Phil replied:

"Yes, I knew him when he was a boy, though he couldn't be much more than that when you ran off with him. His brother owns the hotel in town. We are on different roads, but ain't neither of us such a very great ways from it, you know."

Instantly Edna's countenance fell.

"Roy Leighton own the hotel! then he will be coming here, and I don't want to see him till he is paid," she said, in some dismay, and Uncle Phil replied:

"He don't often bother himself to come to see me. Never was here more than two or three times. His agent does the business for him, and that agent is me. He was here once that time Charlie was in town, and I believe his mother was at the hotel.

Here Phil Overton stopped abruptly, and Edna, after waiting a moment for him to proceed, said:

"People did not fancy Charlie. He was not popular. Is that what you want to know? If it is, don't be afraid to ask it. I have borne much harder things than that," and there came a sad, sorry look upon her face. She was thinking of her lost faith in Charlie's integrity, and Phil Overton of the scandalous stories there had been about the fast young man of eighteen who had made love to the girls indiscriminately, from little Marcia Belknap, the farmer's daughter, to Miss Ruth Gardner, whose father was a great man, and whose influence would do more to help or harm Edna than that of any other person. But Phil Overton could not tell Edna this, so he merely replied, after a little:

"No, he wasn't very popular. Young men are different, you know, and Charles was sowing his wild oats about those days. He passed himself for a rich man; called it *my hotel*, my tenants and all that, when it was his brother's."

A sound from Edna like a sob made Phil Overton pause abruptly and mentally curse himself for having said so much. The truth was he had never quite forgiven the boy Charlie for inveigling him into lending him fifty pounds with promises of payment as soon as he could get a draft from home. The draft never came, but Roy did, and settled his brother's bills and took him away while Overton was absent, and as Charlie made no mention of his indebtedness in that direction, the debt remained uncancelled. Several times Phil Overton had been on the point of writing to Roy about it, but had neglected to do so, thinking to wait until he came, when he would speak to him about it. But after the news of Charlie's tragical death was received, he abandoned the idea altogether.

"Fifty pounds would not break him," he thought, and it was not worth while to trouble Roy Leighton any more by letting him know just what a scamp his brother was. So he tore up Charlie's note and threw it into the fire, and staid till it was pitch dark at the hotel where they were discussing the accident and commenting upon poor Charlie, whose virtues now

were named before his faults. Mention was made of him in the minister's sermon the next Sunday, and it was observed that Miss Ruth Gardner cried softly under her veil, and that pretty Marcia Belknap looked a little pale, and after that the excitement gradually died away, and people ceased to talk of Charlie Churchill and his unfortunate end. But they would do so, and the whole town would be alive with wonder if it once were known that the young girl in deep black at Uncle Phil Overton's was Charlie Churchill's widow. Ruth Gardner's pale grey eyes would scan her coldly and harshly, while even Marcia Belknap would, perhaps, draw back from one who all unknowingly had been her rival. This Phil Overton foresaw, and hence his proposition that Edna should bear his name and drop that of Churchill, which was pretty sure to betray her. And after time he persuaded her to it.

"You are already Louise," he said, as Edna questioned the propriety of the matter. "There's surely nothing wrong in being Louise instead of Edna, and inasmuch as I adopt you for my daughter, it is right and proper that you take my name, is it not?"

"Perhaps so," Edna replied faintly; "but, sir, I shall have to tell Aunt Letitia, and Mr. Heyford, too. I promised him I would write as soon as I was settled in business."

To this Phil Overton did not object, provided John Heyford was charged to keep his own counsel—a thing Edna was sure he would do. With regard to Miss Pepper, he made no remonstrance. He did not seem to fear her, but after a moment surprised Edna with the question:

"What sort of a looking craft is this Pepper woman?"

Edna, who still felt that she might have told too much that was prejudicial to her aunt, gladly seized the opportunity to make amends by praising her personal appearance.

"Aunt Letitia dresses so queerly that one can hardly tell how she does look," she said, "but if she only wore clothes like other people I think she'd be real handsome for her age. She was pretty once, I'm sure, for she has a nice fair complexion now, and her neck and arms are plumper and whiter than any I've ever seen. Her hair, though gray, is soft and wavy, and she has so much of it, too, but will twist it into such a hard knot always, when she might make such a lovely waterfall."

"Do you mean those things that hang down your back like a work-bag?" Phil Overton asked, laughing longer and louder than Edna thought the occasion warranted, especially as he did not know Mrs. Pepper, and how out of place a waterfall would be on her.

"What of her eyes?" he asked, and Edna replied "bright and black as jet beads."

"And snap like a snap-dragon, I'll bet," Phil Overton rejoined, adding, after a moment, "I'd really like to see this kinswoman of yours. Tell her so when you write, and say she's welcome to bed and board whenever she chooses to come."

Phil Overton questioned Edna as to what she thought she could teach, and how much she expected to get for each scholar; then he summoned Becky and ordered cider, and apples and cakes, and made Edna try them all, and told her about her grandmother Louise when she was a girl, and then, precisely as the clock pointed to nine, called Becky again and told her to show Miss Overton to her room.

"I breakfast sharp at half-past seven," he said, as he bade Edna good-night; "but young folks like to sleep, and if you feel inclined, lie as long as you please, though I can't say I'd like to see a fresh young face across the table. Maude generally was up."

"I shall be up, too," Edna said, as she stood a moment in the door looking at her uncle; then, as she remembered all the kindness he had shown to her, an entire stranger, there came over her with a rush, the hunger she had always felt for something missed in childhood, and without stopping to think, she walked boldly up to the little man, and said, "Uncle Phil, nobody ever kissed me good-night since I can remember, none of my relatives I mean, will you do so?"

Phil Overton was taken aback. It was more than thirty years since he had kissed anybody, and he began to gather up his short coat skirts and hop—first on one foot, then on the other, and look behind him and towards the door in a kind of helpless way, as if meditating flight. But Edna stood her ground, that with a hurried "bless me, girl, bless me; yes, yes," Phil Overton submitted and suffered Edna's kiss, and as her warm lips touched his, he clasped both arms about her neck and kissed her back heartily, while with a trembling voice, he said, "Heaven bless you, my child, my daughter, Louise Overton. I'm a rough old fellow, but I'll do my duty to you."

There certainly was a tear on Edna's cheek, left there by Phil Overton, and Edna accepted it as the baptism for her new name and felt more resigned to "Louise Overton" as she followed Becky upstairs, not the back but the front way to the pleasant north room.

(To be continued.)

#### AMONG THE MAGYARS.

The Zigeuners are the gypsies of Hungary, and have their own laws and religion, their own customs and language, and, above all, their own music, which is melancholy, passionate, dramatic, and quite imitable. A Zigeuner playing on his "cimbalon," a simple instrument formed of strings stretched along a sounding-board, is an actor, in the full swing and fervour of his art. The pieces executed are ballads without words, narrated in the language of the music, and the performers seldom fail to inspire the audience with some of their own ardour. Here is a description of one performance:—

"We fancied we could follow the piece in all its details. The simple, flowing, graceful melody with which it opened represented a scene of calm rural life—the shepherd leading his sheep afield, the cowherd driving his cattle to the mountains, the Ross-hirt scampering over the turf plain with his troop of horses—while, as the day advances, the hum of insect life is borne on the still moonlit air. We are then transported to the forest, where a horde of brigands, headed by their desperate chief, are preparing for an onslaught on those happy, laborious, and unconscious villagers. We are roused by the sudden clattering of hoofs, the clang of arms, the shouts of men, the cries of women, as, in the midst of violence and bloodshed, their stores and cattle are seized, and the defenseless owners are carried away captive. But retributive justice awaits the plunderers, and the battery of Heaven interposes to avenge the wrongs of the injured. The dark eye of the Zigeuner flashes fire as he draws down the loud roar of thunder. The victors are not yet within the shelter of their forest domain, when the torrents descend, and, with terrific violence, the relentless storm scatters their forces. Their booty is destroyed, their captives are freed, one final peal is heard, and, with a crash, the fatal bolt has fallen on their chief, who lies blackened and mutilated at their feet. The performer has worked himself up to a frenzy; perspiration runs down his face; and, when he arrives at the termination, he sinks back in his chair literally exhausted."

The musical faculties with which the Zigeuners are endowed seem almost to amount to a supplementary sense. They know nothing of the science of music; but their ear catches, and their mind retains, any air they may hear, and they produce it with surpassing accuracy. One of the listeners to the performance just mentioned was told by a Hungarian gentleman that he had often suggested to these Zigeuners, either by humming it, or even only describing it, an air which they had never heard, and they had immediately reproduced it with wonderful execution. This extraordinary talent is quite incapable of cultivation. Liszt, himself a Hungarian, and familiar with the music of these tribes, gives a most interesting account of a young Zigeuner on whom he tried the experiment of a musical training. After a certain point he found his pupil incapable of further progress, and although beyond all competition in the display of his own unique genius, quite unteachable.

The Zigeuner-volk constitute an important element in the social condition of the Hungarian people, who are very much attached to them, regarding them in the light of a national institution, without the co-operation of which, their popular festivities, public and private, their betrothals, marriages, christenings, anniversaries, and family gatherings would be devoid of spirit and interest. They are decidedly the most respectable and meritorious gypsies to be found anywhere, but yet they have the characteristics of their congeners all over the world, and maintain their own distinctive peculiarities from generation to generation, so rigidly, that there is no tracing in them any similarity to the races among which they live. They endure intrepidly the extremes of heat and cold, covered with the merest rag in winter, bareheaded under the blazing sun. They are reckless as children, wild as forest creatures, knowing no care for the morrow, and always poor. The only thing they must have is tobacco; they will go for days without food, but they will actually work to get the material for smoking. The newly-born Zigeuner child is plunged within the first hour of its life into the nearest spring, no matter in what season, so that it would appear they have some notion of baptism.

**THE SUNFLOWER.**—When we think of the many uses of this plant, and of the great ease with which it is grown, it is surprising that it is not more largely cultivated. It ought to be, if properly

grown, far more productive than barley, as food for poultry, who are very fond of sunflower seeds, and eat them greedily. This climate is not exactly suitable for the growth of buckwheat, the seeds of which are excellent as food for fowls, but if it were suitable, there can be no doubt that it would be extensively grown, and since that is impossible, we may regard the sunflower as a good substitute. It will do for poultry of every description, and it grows rapidly and readily, almost anywhere; it gives no trouble, it grows to a gigantic size, 9ft. or 10ft. high, at all events, with exceedingly large heads, full of hundreds and hundreds of seeds, and this, too, without any trouble whatever, and without any manuring or preparation of the soil. There are tall and dwarf varieties of the plant, but the above-mentioned size, equaling, in fact, the *Helianthus Californicus*, can only be attributed to some peculiarity in the soil or in the air. If there be sunshine, it will certainly grow vigorously in damp lands; and it takes up a great deal of moisture, and if planted on an extensive scale, there can be no doubt that it would contribute to the health of a place by assisting in the destruction of the various miasmas which have such deadly and potent effect on human beings. A saline atmosphere is no obstacle to its growth; on the contrary, it grows well when sown near the sea. There is a considerable quantity of pith in the stalks, which might be used to some profitable account, and the stalks themselves, if broken up and well dried, form an excellent sort of firewood. The seed is not perishable, and with proper precautions may be kept a very long time in good condition. The stalks, when burned, yield potash. In many instances several heads will appear on one plant, but it is advisable to destroy all of them when young, except the largest, which will increase in growth, and furnish an abundance of rich seed.

#### FACETIE.

**AMONG THE ARTICLES ANNOUNCED FOR SALE** at an auction, we perceive a "mahogany child's chair." The father of this powerful infant must have been of the Wood family.

A LITTLE girl asked her brother what was capital punishment, and he said he thought it was being locked up in a jam cupboard.

A GENTLEMAN, having a remarkably long visage, overheard a lad observe to another, as he passed them, "That gentleman's face is longer than his life." Struck with the singularity of the observation, he returned and requested an explanation. "Sir," said the boy, "I read at school that a man's life is but a span, and I am sure your face is double that length."

"I WISH I HAD YOUR HEAD," said a lady one day to a gentleman who had solved for her a very knotty point. "And I wish I had your heart," was the reply. "Well," said she, "since your head and my heart can agree, I do not see why they should not go in partnership." And they did.

#### STUFFED WITH STRAW.

SOME young men, after much persuasion, had got Mr. P. to join a hunting party, expecting to derive great amusement from this gentleman, who was very "green," and but little accustomed to the use of fire-arms.

One of the young men, however, charitably forewarned Mr. P. that they were going to place a stuffed deer in the forest for him to shoot at, and have a laugh at his expense.

Our sportsmen repaired to the woods, and for about an hour had found no game, when suddenly a superb deer, springing from its covert, passed within ten paces of Mr. P.

"I'm not such a fool," replied P., "it's stuffed with straw."

"DAR AR," said a simple orator, addressing his brethren, "two roads thro' dis world. Do one am a broad and narrow road dat leads to perdition, and de oder a narrow and broad road dat leads to destruction." "Ef dat am de case," said a sable hearer, "dis culurd individual takes to de woods."

**DEALER.**—"Now there's a good little 'oss I can warrant. He's a clever, perfectly-trained, snaffle-bridle hunter, and fast; up to twice your weight across any country. Sold for no fault; well-bred and powerful, high-couraged, but good-tempered, and temperate with hounds. Quiet, and free from vice. Winner of many races, out of constant work, perfectly sound, grand action, and thoroughly broken. Goes well in single or double harness, has run Wheeler and Leader in a team, will work in a cart, plough or harrow. Never out of his place, a capital jumper, never made a mistake in his life, over bank, timber, water, stone wall, hill or vale country. Best lady's 'oss in the country; been ridden charger, plenty of quality and manners, splendid mouth, doesn't shy, never stumbles; good walker, and fast trotter; excellent park hack; never sick nor sorry since he was foaled, subject to any vet's examination, and to be sold for a song!"

A BUVY OF little children were telling their father

what they got at school. The eldest got grammar, arithmetic, &c. The next got reading, spelling, and definitions. "And what do you get, my little soldier?" said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who was at that moment slyly driving a ten-penny nail into a door-panel. "Me? Oh! I gets readin', spellin', and spankin's."

#### NOT INKEDIBLE.

Eva : "Mamma, what is a gosling?"

Mamma : "A little goose, dear."

Eva : "And a duckling?"

Mamma : "A little duck."

Eva : "Then is an inking a little ink? Because, if so, I've got an inking."

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME.

"Is it possible, miss, that you don't know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentieman of a lady.

"Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own name will be a year hence."

#### ABOVE SUCH MEANNESS.

"Your honour," said a lawyer to the judge, "every man who knows me, knows that I am incapable of lending myself to a mean cause."

"True," said his opponent; "the learned gentleman never lends himself to a mean cause; he always gets cash down."

**MEDICAL.**—We are delighted to read that King's College Hospital is out of debt, and the authorities are at once going to build another "wing." Whether this is advisable at the moment is a matter of a-pinion.—*Punch*.

**QUEER TASTE.**—"Ask your grocer for the London tea." Remembering our suspicions as to the seat of the manufacture of a good deal of the tea sold in the Metropolis, this is the very last article we should think of asking our grocer to supply.—*Punch*.

#### FRENCH TAUGHT HERE.

**SCHOOLMASTER.**—"First boy. What is the French for an egg?"

Boy : "Unn or oon off."

**SCHOOLMASTER** (angrily) : "What do you mean, air, by un or oon? Don't you know what gender it is?"

Boy : "No, sir. Please, sir, not till it's atched."

—*Will-o'-the-Wisp*.

WHY is real friendship to be found among bakers more than any other class? Because they are always ready to help each other in time of need.—*Will-o'-the-Wisp*.

**THE NOMINATION NUISANCE.**—Will anybody tell us what earthly good there can be, excepting to the beer-shops, in having nomination days as preludes to elections? Voters who can read the addresses of the candidates may well cry, "What imports the nomination of these people?" And voters who can't read can hardly be much edified by the speeches which on these days are mostly made in dumb-show. The show of hands leads usually to the show of fists, and the mob-leaders who beat each other black and blue do little good by this display of their electioneering colours. Old nuisances die hard, and electioneering nuisances are, perhaps, especially tenacious of existence. Still we hope to live to see all nomination days abolished, and candidates elected without calling one another names, which is commonly the case on days of nomination.—*Punch*.

ONE exceedingly warm day a neighbour met an old man, and remarked that it was very hot. "Yes," said Joe, "if it wasn't for one thing, I should say we were going to have a thaw." "What is that?" inquired the friend. "There's nothing froze," said Joe. The man went on his way.

**BELL-LETTERS.**—A correspondent wishes to know of what metal bells were made in ancient times. We cannot say precisely, but we have a faint recollection that in our Latin studies we met with a mention of a *tin-tinnabulum*.—*Fun*.

#### A GREAT GUN.

This is good reading:—

"Sir William Armstrong has presented 2,500*t*. to the Newcastle-on-Tyne Infirmary to help to carry out extensions. It is intended to build an Armstrong wing."

We always associate gentleness with great power, and here's a proof of the justice of so doing—a strong arm with an open hand.—*Fun*.

#### OLD SAWS WITH NEW HANDLES.

"There's many a slip"—put in in the autumn that doesn't show green in the spring.

"All that glitters"—at any rate acts on reflection.

"When the wine's in"—the longer you keep the cellar door locked, the longer it will last.

"What's sauce for the goose"—depends on whether you can get any apples.—*Fun*.

IT is now settled that Pierre Bonaparte, who has been sentenced by the High Court of Tours to leave France, is going to New York with the intention of opening a pistol-gallery in partnership with Reddy the Blacksmith. As the Prince is known to have

"polished off" at least four men with his revolver, his reception by the occupants of "Murderer's Block" and other famous localities of the city will doubtless be very enthusiastic. A suite of apartments is now being fitted up for his accommodation in East Houston-street. The rooms are very tastefully decorated with portraits of the late lamented Billy Mulligan and other celebrated knights of the trigger. The Prince, it is understood, will drop his title on his arriving there, and enter society as plain Peter Bonaparte—thus Englishing Pierre, because it is French for stone.

Jack, newly off a voyage and elevated with grog, is a queer animal. One of this class was a passenger lately in a railway carriage, between Gretna and Port Glasgow, in which was a clergyman. Jack was not at all scrupulous in his phraseology, and the clergyman, in a solemn tone, said the young man was on the road to the devil. "Well, it don't matter much," said Jack, "for I've got a return ticket!"

## RATHER A SHARP 'UN

Young Lady: "Will this road take me into the village, my lad?"

Juvenile Bumpkin: "Ees, miss, ter wool, if ye toon roond an' goo t'other way."—Judy.

WHY ARE COUNTRY GIRLS' CHEEKS LIKE A GOOD PRINT DRESS? Because they are warranted to wash and retain their colour.

DURING a conversation with a Scotchman as to the use of an organ in public worship, he stated his opinion that a bad organist was like a bad drummer, "he made plenty of noise but varnished little music."

## THE INFALLIBLE TEST.

On entering the chamber of a French marquis one morning, whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, Dr. Bouvert was thus accosted: "Good-day to you, Mr. Bouvert; I feel quite in spirits, and think my fever has left me."

"I am sure it has," replied Bouvert drily. "The very first expression you used convinces me of it."

"Pray explain yourself."

"Nothing is easier. In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your dearest friend; as you began to get better, I was your good Bouvert; and now I am Mr. Bouvert; depend upon it, you are quite recovered."

## TIT FOR TAT.

Rich Man: "Ruined for want of capital? Ahem—should have thought of that before, sir. You have brought yourself into this position; I can do nothing for you, sir!"

Poor Man: "Pray help me, sir!"

Rich Man: "No, sir; no, sir! Can't you do anything for yourself?"

Poor Man: "Alas! no, sir."

Rich Man: "Sorry, sir; but you must get out of your difficulty as well as you can, sir. Very sorry indeed, sir. Good morning, sir—good morning, sir!"

Rich Man (in deep water): "Help me, help me, for heaven's sake!"

Poor Man: "What's the matter?"

Rich Man: "I'm drowning, drowning!"

Poor Man: "Ahem—just so! Can't you swim?"

Rich Man: "No, no! alas, no!"

Poor Man: Precisely! Ruined for want of capital! Should have thought of that before, my good sir! You have brought yourself into that position; get out of it as well as you can!"

Rich Man (gasping): "Help me!"

Poor Man: "Good morning, sir—good morning."

## A LITTLE MONKEY.

"Dan," said a little four-year-old, "give six-pence to buy a monkey."

"We've got one monkey in the house now," replied the eldest brother.

"Who is it, Dan?" asked the little fellow.

"You," was the reply.

"Then give me sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts."

His brother could not resist.

A POWERFUL PREACHER.—During a sermon delivered by a clergyman, one of the congregation seemed greatly affected. Proud of this circumstance, the preacher, after the service, asked the man how his discourse had affected him so much. "Oh, sir," said he, "it is not that; but your long beard put me so much in mind of a favourite goat I had lost, that I could not help crying."

## THE COAT OF THE PERIOD.

Gus (to his favourite sister): "Now, Cis, your candid opinion, please, and no humbug! How do you like this coat?"

Cis: "Well, dear, since you appeal to my candour, I think it would be none the worse for an additional flounce or two."—Punch.

STRANGE THINGS DO HAPPEN.—Mrs. Malaprop says she remembers years ago making an observation about an "Allegory on the banks of the Nile,"

but that she never expected to live to read of one being caught in the Thames.—Punch.

## QUITE OUT OF DATE.

Isabel: "But Grandma, dear, she's not a bit pretty, looks very stupid, and hasn't a shilling! What can he be going to marry her for?"

Grandma: "Well, my dear, you will think it one of my old-fashioned notions—but perhaps it is for love!"—Punch.

## RATHER PERSONAL.

Ardent Lover: "Then why, oh! why do you scorn my hand?"

Young Lady: "I have no fault to find with your hand, but I do object to your feet."

## HERCULES SPINNING.

## I.

BOND-SLAVE to Omphale,  
The haughty Lydian queen,  
Fond slave to Omphale,  
The beauteous Lydian queen,  
Spinning, spinning like a maid,  
While aside his club is laid,  
And the hero boasts no more  
All his doughty deeds of yore,  
But with sad, submissive mien  
Spinning, spinning still is seen,  
Bond-slave to Omphale,  
Fond slave to Omphale,  
The haughty Lydian queen.

## II.

Shame! that for a woman's whim,  
He, so stout of heart and limb,  
Must his nature so abuse,  
Thus his mighty arm to use—  
Not the manly mace to whirl,  
But a tiny spindle twirl,  
Spinning, spinning like a girl,  
With a soft, submissive mien,  
Bond-slave to Omphale,  
Fond slave to Omphale,  
The haughty Lydian queen.

## III.

Fond slave to Omphale,  
Bond-slave no more;  
Love has loosed whom tyranny  
Basely bound before!  
The distaff now is cast aside,  
And, leaning on his club in pride,  
Lo! Hercules is seen,  
In majesty serene,  
A hero sitting by his bride,  
Fair Omphale, his queen!

## IV.

Whatever mortals crave,  
So rule the gods above  
That manly Strength is Beauty's slave,  
And Beauty yields to Love!

J. G. S.

## GEMS.

He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

We profit more by the faults than by the successes of others.

LIFE is half spent before we know what it is.

TIME is a travelling thief, ever stealing, yet no man can catch him.

FRIENDSHIP is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

IT is not in the power of a good man to refuse making another happy, where he has both ability and opportunity.

SEND your son into the world with good principles and a good education, and he will find his way in the dark.

FLATTERY is a sort of bad money to which vanity gives currency.

WHEN we have practised good actions awhile they become easy; and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them; and when they please us, we do them frequently; and by frequency of acts they grow into a habit.

## STATISTICS.

THE colony of Victoria covers an area nearly as large as that of Great Britain, and contains a population of only 700,000 persons. The climate resembles that of the south of Spain and the south of Italy, the mean temperature being about 58 degrees. Frosts are of rare occurrence, and snow never falls except upon table lands or the mountains. Of the 55,000,000 acres of land comprised within the limits of the colony, nearly 49,000,000 acres remain in the possession of the Crown.

THE following figures are sufficiently serious:—In Birmingham, with a population of 360,000, of which 83,000 are children varying in age between

3 and 13 years, only 16,000 children frequented inspected schools, and 10,000 non-inspected schools. In Leeds, with a population of a quarter of a million, only 12,000 children were educated at inspected schools, and 7,000 at other schools out of 58,000 children of a scholarly age. In Manchester out of 60,000 children 25,000 were scholars at inspected schools. In Liverpool the number was 30,000 out of 90,000. These facts were arrived at quite recently.

THE PROGRESS OF OCEAN TELEGRAPHY.—A large number of ocean telegraph companies have been launched within the last few months. The successful laying of the French cable caused an effusion of projects of this class. No less than thirteen were brought forward together, all but simultaneously. Omitting those which have either been withdrawn or superseded, we have a list of ten which keep their ground, and the capital represented by them is as follows:—1. British Indian Submarine Telegraph—Suez to Aden and Bombay, 3,200,000/; 2. Falmouth, Gibraltar, and Malta, 660,000/; 3. Great Northern Telegraph—extension and purchase of lines in Northern Europe, 400,000/; 4. International Mid-Channel, 25,000/; 5. West India and Panama, 650,000/; 6. British Indian Extension—Ceylon, Singapore, 400,000/; 7. China Submarine Telegraph—Singapore to Hong Kong and Shanghai—first section, 325,000/; ditto, additional capital for second section, 300,000/; 8. British Australian, 650,000/; 9. Great Northern Telegraph, China and Japan Extension, 600,000/; 10. Panama and South Pacific, 320,000/.

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

POLISH FOR PATENT LEATHER.—Take half a pound of sugar, 1 ounce of gum-arabic, and 2 pounds of ivory black; boil them well together, and let the vessel stand till quite cooled, and the contents are settled; after which, bottle off. This is an excellent reviver, and may be used as a blacking in the ordinary way, no brushes for polishing being required.

MIXTURE FOR CLEANING FURNITURE.—Cold-drawn linseed oil, 1 quart; gin, or spirit of wine, half a pint; vinegar half a pint; butter of antimony, 2 ounces; spirit of turpentine, half a pint. N.B.—This mixture requires to be well shaken before it is used. A little of it is then to be poured upon a rubber, which must be well applied to the surface of the furniture; several applications will be necessary for new furniture, or for such as had previously been French polished or rubbed with beeswax.

PURIFICATION OF WATER FROM SMOKE IMPURITIES.—Several correspondents recommend the use of permanganate of potassa for purifying water from the impurities derived from coal smoke. Enough of the salt is recommended to be added, and as the colouring property of this salt is very great, a little used in this way would purify a large quantity of water. After standing twenty-four hours, the impurities will be all precipitated, and the coloring property of the water is not impaired.

CEMENT FOR FASTENING INSTRUMENTS IN HANDLES.—A material for fastening knives or forks into their handles, when they have become loosened by use, is a much needed article. The best cement for this purpose consists of 1 lb. of colophony (purchasable at the druggists'), and 8 oz. of sulphur, which are to be melted together and either kept in bars or reduced to powder. One part of the powder is to be mixed with half a part of iron filings, fine sand, or brickdust, and the cavity of the handle is then to be filled with this mixture. The stem of the knife or fork is then to be heated and inserted into the cavity; and when cold it will be found fixed in its place with great tenacity.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Darien surveying expedition is reported as going on satisfactorily. A fine map of the country is being constructed, and already large quantities of mahogany, sugar-canæs, india-rubber trees, and plaintains have been found.

LONDON and Paris have doubled their population since 1832; in Vienna the increase has been still greater; Liverpool has almost tripled her population. But we learn from *Cosmos* that Berlin surpasses the examples we have just cited, inasmuch as the ratio of the present population to that of 1832 is as 32 to 1.

LADY FRANKLIN.—Lady Franklin arrived at Panama on the 28th March, having made the trip from England via the Straits of Magellan, and left for Colorado on the 29th March. The late discoveries made by Captain Hall in the Arctic regions lead her, it is said, to seek an interview with him.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

R. B.—Declined with thanks.

J. S. L.'s communication has been received.

A STAMP COLLECTOR.—The stamps are of no value.

GRACE should use cold water.

S.—T.—The lines are very imperfect.

Z (Liverpool).—Such a marriage would be illegal.

C. J. L.—The handwriting is very distinct. You had better consult a publisher about the manuscript.

G. H.—The latest edition of the Directory will furnish you with the information you require.

AMY M.—The deceased daughter's share will be equally divided amongst all her brothers and sisters.

J. F. K.—It is a matter entirely for your own discretion.

A. B.—Make the colour thinner and lay it on more sparingly.

A. R.—ADER.—You should order the work through your bookseller.

A CONSTANT READER.—Address in the usual way. The letters pass through the hands of the private secretary.

TOPER.—Your wishes are recorded, and will be remembered when opportunity offers.

F. E.—Take some mild medicine, and let your diet be temperate and regulated. As an external soothing lotion, use elder-flower water.

SHAKESPEARE AND TOPSY.—The handwriting of each is very good. That of Shakespeare is the more free, that of Topsy the more neat.

CLARA MARIA.—Bathe the hands repeatedly in lemon juice. We cannot prescribe for the spots as you do not describe them.

E. S. B.—The will is valid. By it the widow takes all the property. She has complete power over it and can will it to whom she chooses.

PORTSMOUTH.—You are an Englishman. All persons born in the British dominions, whether their parents be natives or foreigners, are held to be natural-born subjects of Britain.

A. B.—The liability of the husband, with regard to the child born before marriage, would cease upon the death of his wife; unless he had made any special arrangement on the subject.

CHARLES J.—The Ecumenical Council assemble in the Cathedral of St. Peter, at Rome. It is more lofty than our St. Paul's in London, the one being 404 feet, and the other 404 feet high.

LONELY JIM.—If you are unable to discover that the lady loves you, the probability is that she does not do so. It appears that at present you know very little about the tender passion.

SPRING.—Copy some portion of an interesting book or tale every day; and get some friend to look over what you have written and make any corrections that may be necessary.

ROY.—The skins of walnuts boiled in a cheap red wine will make a good and harmless black hair-dye. It must be applied with care, as, although it is not injurious, the skin will be discoloured if allowed to come in contact with it.

AN INQUIRER.—The handwriting is very nice. It is competent for a man to bring an action for breach of promise of marriage against a lady. It seems, however, that in your case such an action would not succeed, since you never made a positive promise.

ESTHER.—The present building of St. Peter's, at Rome, was consecrated in 1623. The first stone was laid in 1506. The building was designed by Bramante. During its progress several eminent men superintended the work, amongst them Raphael and Michael Angelo. The dome was designed by Michael Angelo.

BUBBER.—Gutta Percha is a vegetable substance and is imported from Singapore and its neighbourhood. The Gutta Percha Company have in London large works for the preparation of this substance into the various forms in which it is sold. Gutta Percha can be softened and rendered flexible by immersion in hot water.

ALPHIA.—The photosphere of the sun is the luminous matter by which the sun is surrounded, and is distinct from the sun's atmosphere, which again is quite a different combination of gases from the atmosphere of the earth. The covering of the air round our planet extends to about forty-five miles, and the space between the various atmospheres of the different planets is supposed to be filled by a pure element termed ether. It was in the photosphere of the sun that the spots, concerning

which so much has recently been written, were observed. Similar spots have often been observed before, but the recent spots surpass all others in magnitude. Thus in 1779 Herschel measured two spots whose length together was about 50,000 miles; whereas the length of one only of the recent spots has been estimated at 54,000 miles, the total area of the whole of the spots lately visible being calculated at not less than three thousand million square miles.

EDWARD A.—A's remedy is an action of trover. He should, however, be well advised before he commences such an action. The details of the deposits must be carefully considered; the other side in all probability views them in the light of gifts.

INFORMATION.—We hardly understand your question. If you allude to papier-mâché, it is made of cuttings of paper boiled in water and size. This paste is beaten in a mortar and afterwards formed into different shapes by pressing it into moulds.

W. H.—Murray's handbooks are the best guide books for travellers. You must select your own papers for the advertisements, as you are the best judge of expense. With regard to remuneration also, it is impossible for a stranger to form a notion either of your capability or requirements.

M. B. W.—You have no power to compel the company to proceed faster with the work than they choose to do. There is, however, an indirect remedy. A new company might be formed to make a similar road to that which the old company have delayed to complete; and in applying to Parliament for the necessary powers, you can enlarge upon the inconvenience which the public has sustained by the first company's neglect.

THE WHEEL OF LIFE.—Is there no duty in life? It is in the performance of duty that the greatest solace and happiness are found. Try and find someone who lacks some necessary comforts which could be purchased by a few pence out of that fortune of which you are possessed. A ministering angel is often loved for herself as much as for the kindness she imparts; loved, not by the recipient merely, but by some looker-on.

## WHAT IS LOVE?

I saw a human heart.  
Whilst angels strove to win it,  
'Twas placed amidst the beautiful,  
But no happiness was in it!

It throbbed with ruddy life,  
Heaven spread its wealth to bless,  
Bright cherubs hovered o'er it,  
Yet it wanted happiness!

God made another heart  
For the first heart's great healing:  
Oh! ask at whom what is love?  
It is fellowship in feeling.

W. H.

SHAKESPEARE.—Indifference and "don't care" are very bad qualities. A character pervaded by them will never do any bright things, and is very likely to become the victim of some injurious habit. When troubles and changes happen, they should be met bravely and without evasion. Endured or overcome they bring golden lessons to a patient and earnest heart. Discipline is the one great end of life, and is an ordeal the benefit of which should not be lost either by petulance or apathy.

JOSEPHINE.—You are correct. Mozart did not reach 40 years of age. He was between 36 and 37 when he died in 1791, and it was in that year that his Requiem was written. Connected with this last production of his genius, a curious anecdote is recorded. It is said that one day, about six weeks before Mozart's death, a stranger waited upon him, and stating that he desired a mass written for a nobleman who had just died, invited Mozart to name his terms. Mozart specified one hundred ducats which the stranger paid, and announced that he would call for the score when a month had expired. Mozart set to work and became unusually interested in his undertaking. He was so absorbed by it that his health became affected; notwithstanding, he persevered with much ardour. After days of great depression, he insisted that he was writing the mass for his own funeral, and this idea never left him. The month passed and the stranger reappeared. Mozart said that the work had grown beyond his expectations and requested another month, to which the stranger acceded, increasing at the same time the amount of the fee. The work was soon after completed, and rehearsed by singers from the opera under the composer's direction, who was then confined to his bed, but who yet with unflagging energy gave what instructions were necessary. At the end of the second month the stranger reappeared. The score was delivered to him, but the writer was no more!

TONY HAWKER, twenty, and in the Navy. Respondent must be fond of home.

WILL R., twenty-three, 5ft. 6in., dark; has an income of 1500. per annum.

LONELY WILLIAM, forty-one, tall, fair, loving, fond of home, and a widower with about 3,000. Respondent must be loving, cheerful, clever, musical, domesticated, and possess about 2,000.

RAILWAY, twenty-five, very tall, of gentlemanly appearance, and employed on the railroad. Respondent must be rather tall, handsome, not over twenty-two, and must possess an income of about 50. a year.

ALFRED, seventeen, moderate height, dark, and hazel eyes. Respondent must be musical.

M. R., eighteen, fair, and handsome. Respondent must be good looking and amiable.

HILDA, sixteen, brown hair and eyes, and loving. Respondent must be a German, good looking, good tempered, loving, and with a good income.

VIOLET, eighteen, tall, dark, and in want of someone to love.

D. N. Z., 5ft. 8in., slender, oval face, light hazel eyes, Grecian nose, a good head of hair, and a widower. Respondent should be about fifty, and possess an income.

ITALIA and ROSALIND.—"ITALIA," seventeen, gray eyes, light brown hair. "Rosalind," seventeen, light blue eyes, brown hair, tall, and nice looking. Both act

complished. Respondents must be tall and handsome; artists preferred.

CHRIS, twenty-one, 5ft. 3in., dark brown hair and whiskers, blue eyes, and of a light complexion. Respondent must be about the same height, and able to make a working man's home comfortable and attractive.

E. L., twenty-three, blue eyes, brown hair, good tempered, and is about to proceed to an appointment in the north of Ireland—salary, 2000. per annum. Respondent must be about twenty, good looking, and educated.

THE LONELY ONE, twenty-one, 5ft. 10in., handsome, dark brown hair, loving, fond of home, and has 450. income, with good expectations. Respondent must be ladylike, pretty, and musical.

ROSE, LILY, MAY, and ADA (companions), medium height, fair. Respondent must be about twenty, dark, good looking, and fond of home.

T. H. H. (Lancashire), twenty-eight, 5ft. 8in., light whiskers and moustache. Respondent must be good tempered, tolerably well educated, and possess a little money.

CULTIVATOR'S request was duly complied with.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

POLLY B. is respondent to by—"T. G." Wishes for an appointment.

LOVING NELL by—"R. H.," who wishes for an appointment.

HARRY S. by—"Kate," sixteen, tall, fair, with brown hair and eyes, and pretty.

MRI. JEAN D. omitted to send the name of the lady to whom he responded.

WILLIAM MAVORNEAN wishes to exchange cards with "K."

FRED E. by—"Florence B." twenty-five, tall, dark, and a tradeswoman's daughter, with a little money.

MAGGIE by—"Bill Lincoln," twenty-three, tall, dark, good tempered, and in the Navy.

O. M. by—"Q. L." forty-five, loving, fond of home, steady, industrious, and a widower.

J. E. writes for "Polly's" cards and an appointment.

JEAN wishes to exchange cards with "Polly."

J. W. wishes to communicate with "Alice May."

A. W. must respond in the usual way by sending descriptive particulars.

W. K. by—"Lonely Rose," rather dark, good tempered, domesticated, and has money.

A KENTISH MAN by—"Kathleen Mavornean," tall, fond of home, and loving.

TOB ROY by—"Emmy," eighteen, rather tall, dark, loving, and fond of music and home.

JACK DIPS by—"Madge," nineteen, medium height, dark, loving, and fond of home.

AGNES MINNIE by—"J. M." who requests the favour of an appointment; and—"X. X. Y." brown hair, whiskers, moustache, good tempered, affectionate, fond of music and home, and an engineer, in business for himself, with good prospects.

AN ONLY CHILD by—"J. B. M." who desires an interview.

F. L. A. by—"Flo Nightingale," who wishes for cards;—"Little Lou," eighteen, medium height, dark hair and eyes, and affectionate;—"Faithful Minnie," eighteen, medium height, quiet disposition, and fond of home; and—"Jenny," seventeen, tall, fair, blue eyes, dark brown hair, loving, fond of home, and entitled to marry.

BILLY by—"Marion," eighteen, tall, dark, loving, fond of music and singing, and domesticated;—"Emmeline E.," tall, rather dark, pretty, and loving; and—"Tilly," blue eyes, brown hair, good looking, and fond of home.

HENRY LEMONT by—"Blue-Eyed Nellie" (Dumfries), twenty-nine, good looking, loving, fond of music and literature, a good housekeeper, an expert needlewoman, and a widow;—"Eliza," twenty-five, lively, industrious, and a widow with a little money, about to proceed to America.

FLORENCE AMY by—"Laurence Clive," twenty-eight, tall, fair, and has 500. a year;—"A Widower," forty, fond of home, loving, affectionate, and has an income of 150. a year; and—"K. F. T." affectionate, serious, well-connected, and has 120. per annum, with good expectations.

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